When day is done and phone rates fall,* Give far-off friends a welcome call

● Tonight, at dusk, when the lights wink on, some one far away will be wondering how you are and what you're doing. Maybe it's a girl at school, a boy with a birthday, a lonely mother, an invalid friend. Call while you're thinking of them — bring news and happiness both ways. Rates to most out-of-town places are much lower every evening after seven, and

*all day Sunday, too

Many interstate Long Distance telephone rates were reduced again, January 15.

February 13, 1937

The Literary Digest

FOR FEBRUARY 13, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 7 • Whole No. 2443

Copyright 1937 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal*, *discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President*; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer*; WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

The Magazine

BY MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT—I enjoyed reading "Tireless Lady," in your January 23 issue. Many thanks for all the kind things you say about me.
The White House, Washington, D. C.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. MORROW—In the current issue of your magazine you publish an anecdote relating to a supposed tea-party given at my house where the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is alleged to have been a guest. In order to stop the further circulation of this story, in which I am falsely alleged to have made a remark unconsciously derogatory to Mr. Morgan, I wish to say that the late Mr. Morgan was never a guest in my house, that to my regret I never met him, and that I never even saw him.
Next Day Hill, Englewood, New Jersey.

THE LITERARY DIGEST welcomes this opportunity to aid Mrs. Morrow in stopping the further circulation of a story which has also appeared in the approximately 400 syndicated newspaper columns of O. O. McIntyre and in *The Reader's Digest.—Editor.*

BY EARL SIMS, Lawyer—Your article of January 23, "Unbelievers of Right and Left Wing," leaves me breathless with astonishment. I can not believe that THE LITERARY DIGEST, which has for so long devoted itself to the attitudes and opinions commonly held by the immature, could be coming over at last to the position defended by educated men since the days of the French encyclopedists.
The intellectual movements of a country are its blood stream, and when a publication

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is deprived of their restorative influences by its fixed determination to uphold stupidity, it becomes anemic and ultimately dies. While doubt of the soundness of all your former judgments grows upon you, give thanks to the god of paper and ink that the good physician has reached you in time.
Atlanta, Georgia.

By William Clyde Howard—Tho not an old man, I have been reading The Literary Digest for thirty-five years. In fact, I corrected my speech by using the Lexicographer for my guide. But not through a young thirst for knowledge.

On the contrary. When the time seemed propitious to make an impression of diligence—counteracting the effect of some escapade—I'd loll in my chair at home, studiously glaring at the household copy. While impressing my family with my apparent erudition, I incidentally became infected with a desire to use English which was better than the ball lot prescribed.

Do the lads of to-day do likewise?
Chicago, Illinois.

By Vernon J. Blackburn—My father subscribed to your magazine in order that I, as a high school student, may have an accurate, concise knowledge of the news of the world. It has been indispensable to me for a source of information on current history topics. I hope for your continued success in the art of giving us real news.
South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

By Victor Schmidt—In the last few editions of The Literary Digest, there have been editorial comments after most of the "Mail" letters. Is this happenstance or a permanent arrangement? Here's hoping it is the latter—an enjoyable addition to the contents of the mail-bag.
Schenectady, New York.

By Odra E. Lusby—I wish to compliment you on the January 23 issue of The Literary Digest. I think it is the masterpiece of all news weeklies in more than a year, in which no small part is the cover.

Please give us more news dealing with geography, such as the article, "Pacific Dots." Then I will feel justified in my hope that each issue will be as good as this last one was.
Kansas City, Missouri.

Editorial comments have become — along with bowling, skating, skiing and other winter sports—a pleasant relaxation from objective writing. The mood should last at least until summer vacations begin.—*Editor.*

Social Diseases

By G. M. Russell, M. D.—The conference of physicians on social diseases will probably result in much good, but the only real way to eradicate such diseases is to attack the source.

If every father, when his boy became sixteen years of age, should take him to a competent physician and have him give instructions how to prevent such diseases, they would cease to exist.

I have tried through Scout-masters and others in authority to call a meeting of fathers and Scouts for the purpose of enlightening them on this subject, but they have failed to respond. The opinion may prevail that such instructions would tend to encourage promiscuous congress. It is questionable whether the possibility of acquiring

(Continued on page 43)

CARTOONISTS LAMPOON THE STRIKE

LATEST SIT-DOWNER
—Lute Pease in Newark Evening News

BULLETS—G.M. DIVIDENDS FOR THE WORKERS
—Ellis in Daily Worker

A.F. of L. SIT-DOWN AGAINST CIO!
NON-UNION SIT-DOWN AGAINST SIT-DOWNS
OWNERS' SIT-DOWN AGAINST STRIKERS
PUBLIC SIT-DOWN AGAINST SETTLEMENT DELAY
C.I.O. AUTO SIT-DOWN

UNANIMOUS
—Cecil Jensen in Chicago News

"WHEN DO WE START?"
—By Sykes © Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE
—Hungerford in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

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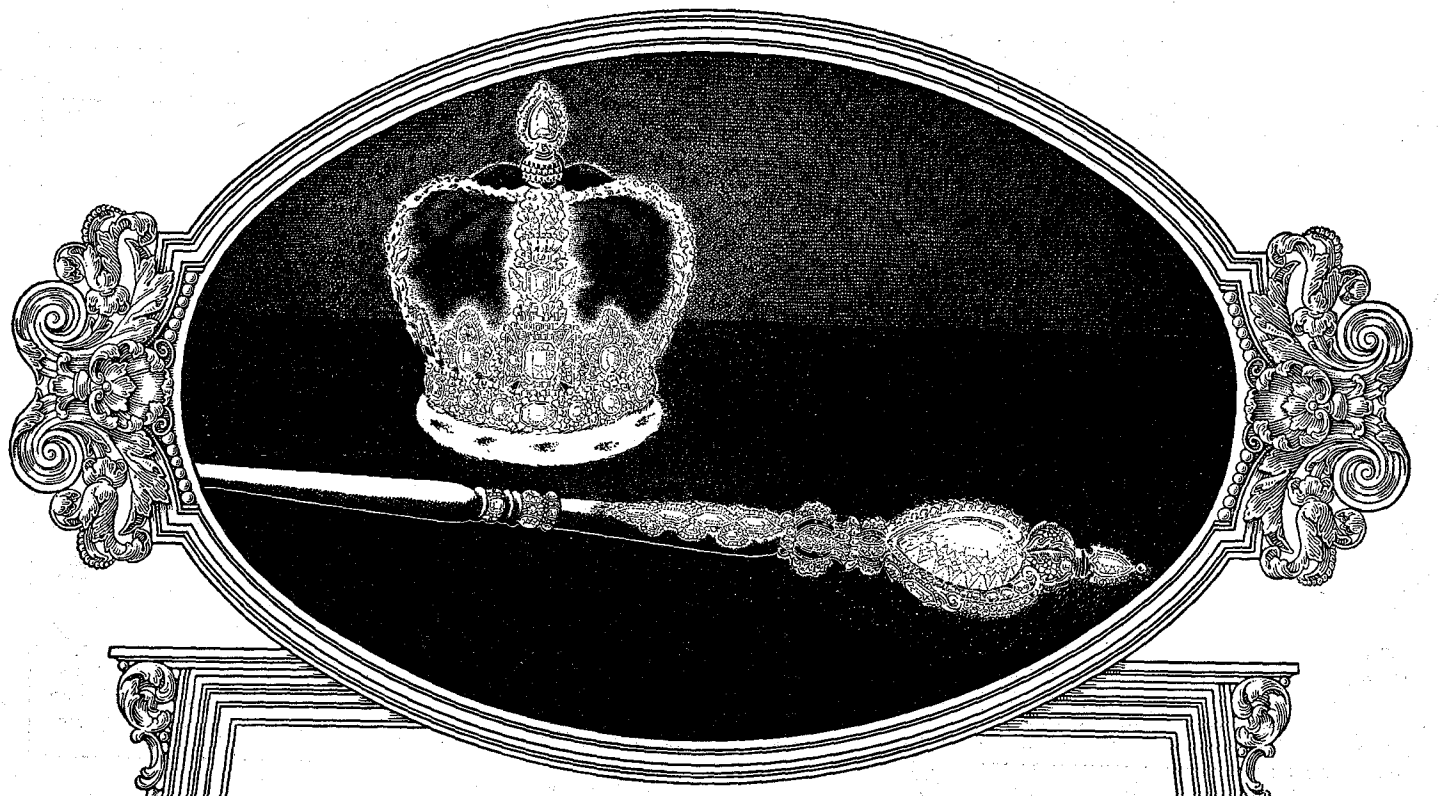

DIAMONDS NEVER HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY IMITATED

Imitators have made something that looks like a diamond. But at best it is lacking in diamond-quality and diamond-value. It is not a gem unless it is an original. The imitation has little worth in any market. And it serves no practical purpose, for it is soft and cheap and useless. Long ago we were the originators of the stencil printing process. And our laboratories have sponsored every real improvement that has ever been made in that process. Our stencils and inks have been imitated—in appearance only. The methods by which they are made are secret—and exacting. They may have been copied, but never duplicated. And the product thereof is the high-quality standard of the world. The Mimeograph invariably does a top-notch job when the supplies intended for it are used. Genuine! For brilliant work—for good work—insist on having the original. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 13, 1937

Topics of the day

THE NEW DEAL VERSUS THE OLD COURTS

Storm of Criticism Greets President's Judiciary Proposals

"It is extraordinary how reluctant aged judges are to retire."

Nine years ago, Charles Evans Hughes wrote these words. Last week, the seventy-four-year-old Chief Justice of the United States had them flung back at him by the President of the United States.

Since May, 1935, when the high tribunal got under Franklin D. Roosevelt's skin by tossing his National Recovery Administration on the scrap-heap, it had seemed apparent that some day a battle would be on. Public expectancy reached a peak after the "horse and buggy" pronouncement. It subsided when nothing happened. To all intents it vanished completely when the Presidential campaign produced only one timid reference to the Supreme Court —and that by the Republican Landon.

Fuse Lighted—Three weeks ago, a Hoosier Democrat came very near letting the cat out of the bag. Sen. Sherman Minton announced after a visit to the White House that the legislative fuse had been lighted. A White House secretary denied it. Twenty-four hours later its splutter was drowned by the inaugural fanfare.

Last Friday, the bomb burst. Of a startled Congress, the President demanded: (1) That he be empowered to appoint one new Justice for each member of the Supreme Court over seventy, up to fifteen members. (2) That he be authorized to appoint fifty new lower court justices, one for each member over seventy. (3) A halt on injunction proceedings involving constitutional issues until Federal lawyers have been heard, and arrangement for speedy appeal to the Supreme Court of all constitutional cases. (4) Appointment of a Court Proctor to keep cases from jamming in the lower courts.

What did it mean? For the Supreme Court, it meant that the Chief Justice, and Justices Van Devanter (seventy-seven), McReynolds (seventy-five), Brandeis (eighty), Sutherland (seventy-four) and Butler (seventy) would be "eligible" to step out. It meant that, whether they took the hint or not, the President could appoint six new Justices. Among those mentioned as most likely timber in Washington were:

Candidates—Senator Robinson,* Donald R. Richberg, former NRA chief; Senator Wagner, Representative Summers, Prof. Edward S. Corwin, James M. Landis, Dean-elect of the Harvard Law School; Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General; A. A. Berle, Jr., City Chamberlain of New York; Governor Murphy, Lloyd Garrison, Dean of the Wisconsin Law School; Thomas Corcoran, RFC counsel; Benjamin V. Cohen, Justice Ferdinand Pecora, Prof. Felix Frankfurter, Judge Florence Allen, Seth Thomas, Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., ex-Senator Bratton of New Mexico, Herman Oliphant, John Dickinson, Thomas Reed Powell, Senator Ashurst, Senator Black, Senator Byrnes, Senator Harrison, Senator Minton, Justice Rosenman of the New York Supreme Court, ex-Governor McNutt of Indiana.

To forty-three Circuit Court Judges and 163 District Court Judges, it meant something of a portent, ominous or otherwise, for the future.

To the public generally it meant, in the majority of cases, a mounting suspicion that its November Mandate had been filled in like any other blank check.

Barrage—From Emporia, Kansas, came the opening shot in a counter-barrage that was to find its echoes hurled back from the Tetons and the Appalachians a hundredfold.

"Adroitly, the President is proposing to pack the Supreme Court," wrote the veteran Editor, William Allen White. "Flouting the democratic process of open discussion, the President revealed . . . in the long campaign no inkling of his plan. . . . His silence then, in this morning's light, was a little more than insincere. . . . In a world-challenging democracy, in a day when tyrants, appearing as demagogs, crying out against predatory wealth, have shattered Europe's democratic institutions, this court message of the President's seems strangely like the first looming American symptom of danger. . . . Surely Mr. Roosevelt's mandate was to function as the President, not as *Der Fuehrer*. . . . How long will the people be fooled?"

Others took up the cry of "packing" raised by ex-President Hoover. Said Raymond Moley, Editor of *Today* and former Roosevelt *confidant* and Brain Truster: "This comes perilously near to a proposal to abandon Constitutional Government." Frank E. Gannett, publisher: "Do we want to give this man, or any one man, complete control of these three departments of Government?" John E. Edgerton, President of the Southern States Industrial Council: "I believe that every thoughtful citizen will be shocked." Arthur A. Ballantine, former Under-Secretary of the Treasury: "It is impossible to avoid the idea that this might be a way to pack the court."

To two of the President's opponents in the late campaign the proposals were unsatisfactory. Said Norman Thomas, Socialist: "Of all the ways to deal with the constitutional issue, this is the least satisfactory." Said Earl Browder, Communist: "They are typical middle-of-the-road measures such as we have learned to expect from the President." President Green of the American Federation of Labor was "favorably impressed."

Lawyers—The bar, for the most part, was not. Leading off, the New Jersey Bar Association adopted a resolution condemning the President's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court, named a committee of forty to work for its defeat. Fewer than a dozen of the 450 present stood by the President.

Other lawyers were scarcely less outspoken: Clarence Darrow: "It seems high time that suggestions are made for reducing the public pay-roll, instead of creating new ways to squander the people's money." F. H. Stinchfield, President of the American Bar Association: "I deplore the indirection, the unfairness, the haste and lack of consideration involved in this method." Samuel Seabury: "I believe the recommendation . . . is an attempt to pack the Supreme Court so that it shall be subject to the will of the Executive." Morris L. Ernst: "I am quite confident that if the judges were all of them over a hundred and had sustained Congressional Acts, no such program would have been urged." George G. Bogert, President American Law School Association: "This plan was not approved by the last election." William Draper Lewis, Director American Law Institute: "The President's plan offers a timely way out." Samuel Untermyer: "Disturbing, well-nigh revolutionary, ill-advised." Henry L. Stimson: "Even if the President's proposal were made at a normal time . . . I should not favor it." George Wharton Pepper: "He wants a Court that will rubber-stamp." Robert A. Taft: "The President now desires to secure personal control of the entire Government." David M. Newbold: "Nothing will prevent the President from carrying out his plan except aroused public opinion." Judge Harry S. McDevitt: "The people of this nation must choose between a Constitution and Communism." Herbert S. Duffy, Attorney General of Ohio: "I protest . . . against possible political dictatorship." Nathan L. Miller, former Governor of New York: "The covert attack upon the Court is a foul blow." Judge Frank H. Hiscock: "The proposal . . . seems to me a major disaster." Justice Ferdinand Pecora: "I

BEHIND THE DOCKET

The President's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court implied that the Court as now constituted was not able to keep up with its docket. Following is the disposition of cases for 1933, 1934 and 1935:

	On Docket	Disposed of	Left Over
1933	1,132	1,029	103
1934	1,040	931	109
1935	1,092	990	102

Court attachés explain that the almost uniform figure for cases left over represented litigation not ready for argument.

A number of legal authorities, among them Newton D. Baker, have pointed out that if the Court sat as a unit, the inclusion of new members, far from expediting litigation, might in actual practise delay it.

*Sec. 6, Art. I of the Constitution provides that "no Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he is elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time."

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NEW DEAL BOX SCORE

Had the bill authorizing the President to enlarge the Supreme Court been passed four years ago, and had the President appointed the full six new Justices, he would still have lost the NRA and five other cases, unless at least five of the old Justices had resigned.

The New Deal score in the Supreme Court to date:

WON

5 to 4—Gold devaluation cases.
8 to 1—TVA.
7 to 1—Arms embargo for Chaco War.
8 to 0—Prison labor.
8 to 0—Silver profits.

LOST

9 to 0—NRA.
6 to 3—AAA.
6 to 3—Wage and hour regulations of Guffey Soft Coal Act invalid.
8 to 1—Federal regulation of "hot oil" shipments.
9 to 0—Conversion of building and loan associations to Federal charters when opposed by States.
9 to 0—President Roosevelt's dismissal of the late William E. Humphrey as a member of the Federal Trade Commission.
9 to 0—Original Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act.
5 to 4—Original Railway Pension Act.
9 to 0—AAA processing taxes impounded in Federal Courts must be refunded.
6 to 3—Securities Commission's attempt to compel J. Edward Jones, New York stocks dealer, to testify about a proposed issue of securities withdrawn before their registration became effective.
5 to 4—Municipal Bankruptcy Act.

would prefer to be excused from expressing an opinion." Ex-Sen. James A. Reed: "It is calculated to destroy the Constitution itself." Silas H. Strawn, former President of the American Bar Association: "A short cut to dictatorship." George H. Farnum, former Assistant U.S. Attorney General: "Disquieting in its implication." Charles H. Tuttle, former U.S. Attorney: "No greater step toward dictatorship." Justice William H. Black: "The greatest advance that has ever been made." Frank P. Walsh, President of the National Lawyers Guild: "I am unqualifiedly opposed." Chester W. Cuthell: "Regrettable." Charles C. Burlingham, former Bar Association President: "I am strongly opposed." Arthur Garfield Hays: "It doesn't seem to mean anything." Ira J. Williams: ". . . akin to . . . seeking to fix a jury." Bainbridge Colby: "A sad and shameful day." Newton D. Baker: "It might delay rather than expedite its (the Court's) work." Frederic R. Coudert: "Savors of an assault upon a Constitutional right." William Mitchell, former U.S. Attorney General: "I wonder what kind of men will take appointments when they know they must listen to their master's voice?" Ex-Justice Clarence J. Shearn, President of the Bar Association of the City of New York: "Mobocracy."

Deans and Presidents—Law professors were divided in their opinions: Dean Smith, Columbia: "Not only unfortunate but dangerous." Dean Bigelow, Chicago: "It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the present plan is dictated . . . by political considerations." Dean McCormick, Northwestern: "It is a debatable question." Dean McCormick, Loyola: "It seems to me a good idea." Dean Harno, Illinois: ". . . tendency to lower the dignity and effectiveness of the Court." Professor Crosskey, Chicago: "A much-needed corrective." Professor Wright, Chicago: "Difficult to see how the President can have any quarrel with the Supreme Court." Professor Corbin, Princeton: "I am quite sympathetic." Dean Clark, Yale: "I think the President's proposals . . . deserve careful consideration." Dean Sommers, New York Law School: "Requires serious and calm study." Professor Rodell, Yale: "I am heartily in favor." Professor Steffen, Yale: "It does not go to the roots of the situation." Dean Bates, Michigan: "It is far better to await the orderly process of judicial action." Professor Tompkins, New York University: "Machiavellian in character and design." Professor Sturges, Yale: "I am very much in support of it." Professor James, Yale: "Satisfactory as a whole." Professor Fisher, Yale: "Why not trust the President's good intentions?"

College Presidents likewise saw some dangers and benefits: Dodds, Princeton: "Friday's message . . . and the technique by which the subject was presented to the country resemble some of the standard practises of Fascism." Wilbur, Stanford: "Most unfortunate." Chase, New York University: "An excellent idea." Gannon, Fordham: "We have reason to hold our breath." Cutten, Colgate: "One can only look into the future with the gravest concern." Valentine, Rochester: "The majority of voters have not definitely expressed themselves." Kays, Arkansas State: "Heartily approved." Creighton, Hastings: "I think it unwise for one President to have such power." Nollen, Grinnell: "The will of the people . . . is clearly progressive." Brown, Hiram: "It is dangerous, tampering with the processes of justice." Ament, Claremont: "I believe these ends can be achieved without enlarging the Supreme Court." Gilmore, Iowa: "Its adoption will do more harm than good."

Columnists and Editorials—First columnists to comment accepted the President's program with scarcely a flutter. Said Raymond Clapper of the Scripps-Howard chain: "Out of dozens of suggestions for dealing with the Supreme Court, President Roosevelt has adopted the mildest." Heywood Broun: ". . . should be extremely useful." Hugh S. Johnson: "The Constitution still stands."

But editorial writers were moved to stronger words, for and against. Thus, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind. Rep.): "It was a French King, Louis XIV, who said, 'L'Etat, c'est moi'." New York *Post* (Ind.): "The message lays siege to the citadel of special privilege." Milwaukee *Leader* (Progressive): "The trouble is not that the Justices are old. . . ." Washington *Star* (Ind.): ". . . Indirection, savoring strongly of subterfuge. . . ." Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.): ". . . We certainly can not go along with him." Denver *Post* (Ind.): ". . . Recommendations for speeding up the judicial machinery are fine, but his idea of packing . . . is bad." *Christian Science Monitor* (Non-partizan): ". . . The plan lacks frankness. . . ." *Idaho Statesman* (Rep.): "It is time for high-minded . . . Democrats . . . to assert themselves against this threat. . . ." Lynchburg (Va.) *News* (Dem.): "No weaker term than immorality can be applied to the proposal. . . ."

Manchester (N. H.) *Union* (Ind. Rep.): ". . . A subtle method of packing." Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.): ". . . There is nothing 'liberal' in it." Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind. Rep.): ". . . The proposal amounts to enforced abdication by the Supreme Court. . . ." *Wyoming State Tribune* (Rep.): ". . . The attitude of upsetting

PROBABLE LINE-UP IN THE SENATE

On the basis of public comment or other indication over the week-end, the probable line-up of the Senate at that time on the question of enlarging the Supreme Court was:

For the Increase—31

Ashurst (D.), Ariz.
Barkley (D.), Ky.
Black (D.), Ala.
Bulow (D.), S.D.
Byrnes (D.), S.C.
Caraway (D.), Ark.
Donahey (D.), Ohio
Ellender (D.), La.
Gillette (D.), Iowa
Guffey (D.), Pa.
Hayden (D.), Ariz.
Hitchcock (D.), S.D.
Johnson (D.), Colo.
Lee (D.), Okla.
Lundeen (F.-L.), Minn.
McAdoo (D.), Calif.
McCarren (D.), Nev.
McGill (D.), Kans.
McKellar (D.), Tenn.
Minton (D.), Ind.
Murray (D.), Mont.
Neely (D.), W. Va.
Pittman (D.), Nev.
Pope (D.), Idaho
Reynolds (D.), N.C.
Robinson (D.), Ark.
Schwartz (D.), Wyo.
Schwellenbach (D.), Wash.
Sheppard (D.), Texas
Thomas (D.), Okla.
Thomas (D.), Utah

Against the Increase—24

Adams (D.), Colo.
Austin (R.), Vt.
Bailey (D.), N.C.
Borah (R.), Idaho
Bridges (R.), N.H.
Brown (D.), N.H.
Burke (D.), Neb.
Byrd (D.), Va.
Capper (R.), Kans.
Davis (R.), Pa.
George (D.), Ga.
Gerry (D.), R.I.
Glass (D.), Va.
Hale (R.), Me.
Holt (D.), W. Va.
King (D.), Utah
Lodge (R.), Mass.
McNary (R.), Ore.
Norris (I.), Neb.
Smith (D.), S.C.
Steiwer (R.), Ore.
Townsend (R.), Del.
Vandenberg (R.), Mich.
White (R.), Me.

Non-committal—41

Andrews (D.), Fla.
Bachman (D.), Tenn.
Bankhead (D.), Ala.
Bilbo (D.), Miss.
Bone (D.), Wash.
Brown (D.), Mich.
Bulkley (D.), Ohio
Chavez (D.), N.M.
Clark (D.), Mo.
Connally (D.), Texas
Copeland (D.), N.Y.
Dieterich (D.), Ill.
Duffy (D.), Wis.
Frazier (R.), N.D.
Gibson (R.), Vt.
Green (D.), R.I.
Harrison (D.), Miss.
Hatch (D.), N.M.
Herring (D.), Iowa
Hughes (D.), Del.
Johnson (R.), Calif.
La Follette (P.), Wis.
Lewis (D.), Ill.
Logan (D.), Ky.
Lonergan (D.), Conn.
Maloney (D.), Conn.
Moore (D.), N.J.
Nye (R.), N.D.
O'Mahoney (D.), Wyo.
Overton (D.), La.
Pepper (D.), Fla.
Radcliffe (D.), Md.
Russell (D.), Ga.
Shipstead (F.-L.), Minn.
Smathers (D.), N.J.
Truman (D.), Mo.
Tydings (D.), Md.
Van Nuys (D.), Ind.
Wagner (D.), N.Y.
Walsh (D.), Mass.
Wheeler (D.), Mont.

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the judiciary seems to be in the air." Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* (Ind. Dem.): "The Federal judiciary needs reorganization. . . ." Boston *Herald* (Ind. Rep.): ". . . His primary intention is to pack the Supreme Court. . . ."

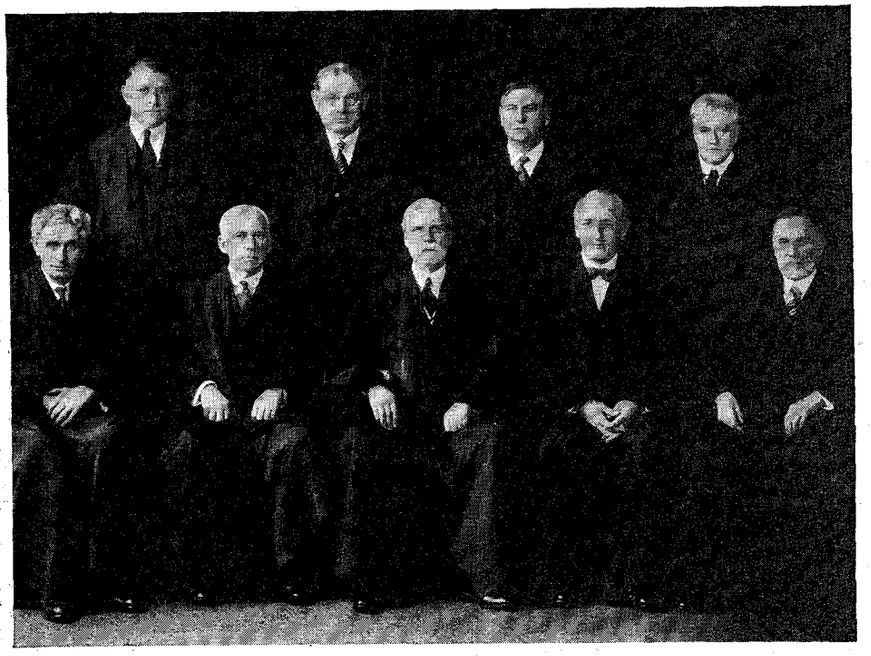
Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.): ". . . Mr. Roosevelt has been disingenuous with the people. . . ." Hartford *Courant* (Rep.): ". . . The disguise of sophistry. . . ." Washington *Post* (Ind.): ". . . President Roosevelt is reaching for control of the courts. . . ." Los Angeles *Times* (Ind. Rep.): ". . . Almost devilish ingenuity. . . ." Des Moines *Register* (Ind.): ". . . Packing the court is a bad method. . . ." Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.): ". . . President Roosevelt now takes down the hickory stick. . . ." Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.): "President Roosevelt is on the march again. . . ." Kansas City *Star* (Ind.): ". . . An increase in the size of the Court in the specious guise of expediting justice." Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.): ". . . So momentous a program calls for the wider consideration, the more mature deliberation of the amending process. . . ." Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.): ". . . Less a reform than a revolution. . . ."

Emporia *Gazette* (Ind. Rep.): ". . . This Presidential adroitness, this uncanny capacity to avoid the direct joining of issues in full, fair and free debate, this seemingly instinctive lack of candor, this smiling assumption of courage while avoiding all danger, this elaborate stage play to flatter the people by a simulation of frankness while denying Americans their democratic rights of discussion of suave avoidance—these traits are not the traits of a democratic leader. These are tricks which have been played in the new game wherein other peoples have lost their democratic liberties in other lands."

Congress—Ere the nation's first astonished gasp had changed to an uneasy murmur, the five Congressional "generals" who participated in the momentous decision at GHQ had hastened back to their camps to prepare for battle. Speaker Bankhead and Judiciary Chairman Summers expected to smash the enemy's lightly held lines in the House with little difficulty, despite Minority Leader Snell's promise of a "fight to the finish." Vice President Garner, Majority Leader Robinson and Judiciary Chairman Ashurst had no such "pushover" in the Senate, and well they knew it. For a time, it appeared that the Arizonian would not have the stomach for his assignment, that Robinson would have to bring the President's bidding.

Within a few hours, there were portents of the expected Senate counter-attack. In that citadel of individualism which had broken Wilson on the League and World Court, the "no men" were gathering. Round Republicans Vandenberg and McNary rallied Democrats Glass, Byrd, King, Burke and Bailey. Ominous for the President and his brigadiers was the heavy silence of Republicans Borah and Johnson, grizzled veterans of the Wilsonian Waterloo; of Democrat Clark, the son of another such veteran; of Democrats George, Smith and Connally. A handful of thirty or less out of the ninety-six, yet a handful that promised to recruit from the host of timid fence-straddlers.

And the timid seemed a majority. In the House, one lone Democrat, Miller of Arkansas, spoke out against the plan. "The Congress had a well-defined duty to perform," he said, "and should not lend its assistance at any time to a nullification of the Constitution by indirection."



On the New Deal spot: The Supreme Court of the United States

Representatives—Yet it could not be said of the others that their praise was extravagant. Samples: Speaker Bankhead: "There were some very fine suggestions in the message." Rayburn of Texas: "A splendid basis . . ." O'Connor of New York: "I don't know what the message signifies." Pettengill of Indiana: ". . . very little . . . to which reasonable objection can be made." Ramsay of West Virginia: "I favor a two-thirds vote to declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional." Maverick of Texas: "I agree with the President's message." Connery of Massachusetts: "I agree with him." Merrit of New York: "An important measure." O'Brien of Illinois: "A great message." Healy of Massachusetts: "I think it . . . should receive the thoughtful consideration of the Congress."

Republican Representatives were less sparing of superlatives: Snell of New York: "It is pretty near the beginning of the end of everything." Guyer of Kansas: "The message suggests packing . . . a sinister implication." Gifford of Massachusetts: "I presume he wishes them (the Justices) to know nothing of the history of their country." Treadway of Massachusetts: "I would feel much happier if I were sure. . . ." Woodruff of Michigan: "We hear NRA is to be revived." Fish of New York: "If the President desires complete dictatorial powers . . ." Andrews of New York: "I am opposed to increasing the number of the Supreme Court Justices." Hancock of New York: "The President hopes to add the Judicial to the Executive and Legislative branches, which he has already completely under his thumb." Parnell of New Jersey: "A prelude to dictatorship."

Senators—In the upper chamber, it was not so easy to tell friend from foe. Here, as among leaders of the Bar, there was a marked tendency to accept all of the measure save that portion pertaining to the Supreme Court, to regard that portion as a not-too-subtle "rider" to the bill, and to oppose it.

Dutiful Democrats: Robinson of Arkansas: "In no sense a violent innovation." Guffey of Pennsylvania: "A splendid solution." Ellender of Louisiana: "I am in favor of the plan." Ashurst of Arizona: "I am in favor of the President's proposal." Pope of Idaho: "I am for his plan." Pittman of Nevada: "I subscribe to the proposal." Black of Alabama: "I favor the plan." McKellar of Tennessee: "I am in favor of the plan." Byrnes of South Carolina: "I am in favor of it." Minton of Indiana: "It is a great message." McCarran of Nevada: "I am in favor of it." Lee of Oklahoma: "I am for it." Schwartz of Wyoming: "I approve of it." Thomas of Utah: "The President has handled the controversy . . . in a better way than I imagined it could be handled." Hitchcock of South Dakota: "I am for it." Lewis of Illinois: "I fear the object of the bill is not understood."

Doubtful Democrats: Adams of Colorado: "I want time to study it." Clark of Missouri: "Nothing to say until I have studied it carefully." Schwellenbach of Washington: "I haven't read the details yet." Logan of Kentucky: "I must study it before making up my mind." Overton of Louisiana: ". . . as to the Supreme Court, I think that is a matter to which I will have to give additional consideration."

Dissenting Democrats: King of Utah: "I most certainly do not approve the proposal to enlarge the membership of the Supreme Court." Burke of Nebraska: "If you remove the sugar coating from the message . . . it is a proposition to pack the Supreme Court . . . I am unalterably opposed." Gerry of Rhode Island: "I am unalterably opposed." Holt of West Virginia: "I am not in favor of increasing the membership of the Supreme Court." Byrd of Virginia: "The Constitution in itself provides for its orderly amendment." Glass of Virginia: "Yes, I will fight it. But what's the use? I think Congress will do anything in the world the President tells them to do." Bailey of North Carolina: "The President's attack upon the Supreme Court . . . amazed me. . . . His action will do him immeasurable injury."

Not a Republican—not even a so-called Progressive Republican—spoke out for the

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President's plan. Both Nye and La Follette declined to comment on the Supreme Court feature, and panting reporters found it difficult to locate other stalwarts of the Liberal bloc. Yet, strangely enough, the heaviest firing came not from the Republican opposition, but from two New Deal friends, Nebraskans both.

Friends—One of them, Burke, in a statement especially prepared for the United Press, called on the nation to speak, lest its November mandate be interpreted too literally. "Friday, February 5, 1937," he said, "may go down in history as Black Friday. That day witnessed the most direct attack on the independence of our judiciary the country has seen. Unless the people are aroused to repel this assault, the end of our cherished liberty and freedom is in sight."

The other, Norris, for whose election as an Independent the President had begged Nebraskans, was "surprized" by his benefactor. "I do not agree with him on what the remedy should be," said the dean of all liberals in Washington. "I am not in sympathy with the plan to enlarge the Supreme Court."

Perhaps, more than anything else, it was because the unimpeachable Norris found himself an unwilling bedfellow of Borah and Glass, that wise Washington observers felt this week that here at last was the shot that would crumble Democracy and Republicanism and hasten the political realinement of a bewildered electorate.

The People—As for the bewildered electorate, there were ample indications that many a November New Dealer was beginning to think with the old-line Democratic New York *Times* that "Mr. Roosevelt gave not a single hint of such a scheme in any of his speeches during the campaign. If he was then meditating it, when seeking a mandate from the people, it would have been only proper for him to make public some hint of his intention."

Once before, a President neglected to take the American people into his confidence on a provocative question. They had given him a mandate, too, but this did not lessen their resentment when he sprang his surprize. A year later, an obscure small-town Editor swept that President's party from power.

SIT-DOWNERS STICK: Only the Governor Can Clear Out G.M. Plants, and He Doesn't

"It all depends on the Governor."

Jovial Thomas W. Wolcott, rotund sheriff of Genesee County, Michigan, squirmed last week in an impasse between the law and 800 sit-down strikers in Flint.

The court ordered the men out of the three occupied General Motors plants; the men refused to budge.

"Run along, Fatty—tell it to the Marines," one derisive voice shouted when the puzzled Sheriff read the eviction notice at Fisher Body Plant No. 2.

So the Sheriff appealed to Gov. Frank Murphy for authority to use the National Guard in clearing the plants. In Detroit, the Governor refused. He was still hopeful of an agreement between General Motors and labor leaders.

President Roosevelt also depended on Governor Murphy to squeeze out some sort of accord.

With all other issues secondary, the biggest bone of contention remained the position of the union as sole collective bargaining agency for General Motors employees. Lewis contends that the union has a majority of workers in twenty of the sixty-nine G.M. plants. Company officials concede this in only six or eight.

The sit-downers were not much worried by the notice of arrest, or the $15,000,000 penalty levied against their "homes, chattels and goods" for defying the initial injunction.

"If the judge can get fifteen million bucks from us, buddy, he's welcome to it," shouted one striker amid loud guffaws.

The strikers play ping-pong, strum mandolins, swap yarns, sleep and "just sit." No liquor is allowed on the premises.

In the basement cafeterias, where food is plentiful, smoking is allowed.

Despite reports of influenza epidemics, few of the men have been ill. Any one really sick is allowed to leave.

Lounges—The strikers sleep on automobile seats, some in "private compartments" of unfinished automobile bodies. Floor mats are used for blankets. "Lounges" are made up of automobile seats. There radios are played, and the men read.

"Tell the folks we can stay here until next Christmas," smiled one young, bearded striker at Fisher Body Plant No. 1.

The plants are cleaned and aired every day. Fire hoses stretch all over. These are the chief weapons of the sit-downers and are inspected daily. At the front windows, special steel shields stand against the windows, each pierced by a large hole to permit the hose to be brought into play, and a small hole for observation.

Piles of bolts, door hinges and like ammunition are arranged in heaps for trouble when and if. . . .

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Flint striker makes a hit

"We are ready for anything," one striker commented. "See that fulminate tank? That's the best weapon, because the fire extinguisher material gets in your eyes and *smarts* to beat hell."

Judge Paul Victor Gadola was emphatic that he had ordered the sit-downers out because they invaded private property; he made no attempt to pass on the legality of sit-down strikes as a whole.

Opinions—The Literary Digest queried a number of prominent people for opinions on sit-down strikes. Following are excerpts from a few of the replies:

William Randolph Hearst: ". . . The crucial question is whether there is any longer any ownership of private property. If there is, the sit-down strikers have no legal or moral right to occupy what does not belong to them. If there is not, I suppose that sit-down strikers have as much right to occupy what was once private property as any others."

Upton Sinclair: "For seventy-five years big business has been sitting down on the American people, and now I am delighted to see the process reversed."

Arthur Garfield Hays: "Unions will make headway if they leave violations of law to their opponents."

Sherwood Anderson: "There are so many advantages enjoyed by corporations . . . that I can not be shocked if labor has found in the sit-down an effective non-violent weapon for winning organization rights."

Roscoe Pound: "What seems to me most significant is the utter indifference of the people to the effect of allowing any group of persons to be above the law . . that law and order can be infringed by a privileged group, not merely with impunity, but with active support of those who are sworn to enforce the law."

William Allen White: "The sit-down strike is new and it is deadly in its implications. . . . In an industry so complex that it is dependent upon many features for life, possession is eleven points of the law."

John F. Dore, Mayor of Seattle: "Sit-down strikes are only a symptom of the new social evolution in which city, State and national governments will more and more look after the workers' interest."

Clarence Darrow: "It is obvious that General Motors will not permit continuation of sit-down strike, and I think it best to wait until some thought of definite action is commenced."

Theodore Dreiser: "As a technical development in social warfare, I have no quarrel with it. It appears to be as effective for labor as the injunction, the compliant judge, the armed guard and the lockout have been for capital."

IN THE BLACK: Yankee Pay-as-You-Go Policy Keeps Egremont, Massachusetts, Debt Free

"Don't spend more than you earn."

If America's 20,261 other towns, 16,36(villages and cities knuckle down to tha homely Yankee maxim, they will be a fiscally robust as Egremont, Massachusetts. Cracker-barrel philosophy of political economy has kept Egremont debtless socked $12,000 surplus into the town bank account.

It was Town Meeting time at Egremon

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last week. Most of the 569 inhabitants trooped to the two-story white Town Hall in South Egremont as the bell in the cupola pealed. More than a century ago, this civic center was built for a school.

Petty politics and party favorites were just as evident as in the wards of a bankrupt metropolis. Voters who had worked on the town's highway gang between seasons for $5 a day remembered their benefactors at the polls. Others whose political plum had been shoveling snow or gravel at $5 for eight hours remembered, too.

No Jitters—When balloting and bickering were over, William E. Boice began his forty-third year as Town Treasurer. Even his report that $5,000 in taxes had not been collected caused no jitters among the electorate, for all know that Egremont is amassing interest annually and that these properties are worth far more than their assessed valuation.

No one advanced any fancy theories for public expenditure such as a new municipal building, but appropriations were increased by $562.50 for a total of $25,062.50. This includes $500 for eliminating dangerous curves in the highway running through North Egremont.

This added expense may force up the tax rate of $22 on $1,000 a trifle, but no one squawked at that. Egremont feels that good roads should be kept up, and they are. School costs are kept at a minimum by the little red schoolhouse principle of one room and one teacher for all eight grades. When the youngsters outgrow this, they are shipped daily to near-by Great Barrington High School if they aren't drafted onto the farm. For this privilege Egremont pays Great Barrington $100 annually for each pupil, thereby avoiding expense of building a high school.

Two Villages—Sprawled along under the towering ridges of the Berkshire Hills, Egremont is two separate villages, North and South Egremont, each with post-office and community church. They were incorporated as a town in 1760.

Townfolk are of two classes: Prosperous dairy-farmers of the weather-beaten Yankee type and well-fed resort owners and employees. Vacationists, winter and summer, from near-by New York and Connecticut make holiday at Maj. Hugh Smiley's Jug End Barn or the Guilder Hollow Club on Mount Sterling.

Of an old Egremont family, Treasurer Bill Boice is squat, red-faced, sixty-five. He and his brother, George, and father, Abraham, prospered, made more money by being thrifty and discerning. Saving his money, Bill invested in property, until now the Boice brothers own much of North Egremont. Bill used to play poker, making even that precarious sport pay.

Selectman—Tall, spare, hollow-cheeked and thrifty, William O'Neil made money farming, then sold the farm. Now he keeps busy at his part-time job of Selectman and takes it easy the rest of his time. More than sixty, he has sufficient funds saved to take care of possible rainy days. At the last election he headed the ticket with 154 votes, one more than Boice received.

Both Bills like to sit around the village general store in South Egremont, larger than the emporium in North Egremont, two miles away. There, they joke with cronies who have little to do in winter. Both own trucks which they may put to work on the roads in spring. Both supervise highway jobs, drawing $6 a day plus truck hire.

As Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Board of Public Welfare, Old Age Assistance Board and Board of Health, Bill O'Neil receives $125 a year. Boice, member of the same Boards, gets $75, plus $100 a year as Town Treasurer.

"I've always been a firm believer in the pay-as-you-go policy," says Bill Boice. "Why go in debt when you can keep out?"

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Mr. and Mrs. Johns: on his lap a nine-year-old bride . . . on hers a brand-new doll

CHILD BRIDE: Doll Girl's Marriage Stirs National Comment on Existing Statutes

"Shocking," "abhorrent," "a national shame," "a disgrace to civilization."

Outraged editors and others sputtered in futile anger last week over conditions that permitted the marriage of a nine-year-old girl in Tennessee, which had no marriage-age statute.

News pictures of little, golden-haired Eunice Johns in knee-length skirts, smiling shyly, holding a doll, or standing beside her strapping husband, a twenty-two-year-old six-footer, jolted the nation, brought a roar of protest, condemnation of child marriages generally, a demand that various States tighten marriage statutes.

Among the thousands whose opinions in the Tennessee case were made public:

Shame—Gov. Gordon Browning of Tennessee—"Of course, a marriage like this is a shame, but the parents sanctioned it, and that makes it legal. So what can I do about it?"

Mrs. Lewis Winstead, mother of the bride, herself married at sixteen and a grandmother at thirty-three—"The Bible says not to disturb those peacefully getting along, and I don't believe in going against the Bible. If they love one another, then getting married is the thing to do."

The Rev. Walter Lamb, fifty-three-year-old Baptist minister who married Eunice Winstead to Charlie Johns when they overtook him on a country road—"They told me they was going to get some one else if I didn't marry them. I noticed the girl looked a little young, but they wouldn't tell me their ages."

Barbarian—The Denver *Post*—"One of the most shocking items that has come over the wires in a long time. All the ignorant heathen barbarians do not live in foreign lands. We seem to have quite a crop of them here in the United States."

The New York *World-Telegram*—"But when we start condescending to the backwardness of the mountaineers, we might remember that civilization hasn't offered them a great deal of help."

The Brooklyn *Eagle*—"If our pretensions to civilization are to be borne out, the Legislatures of the many other commonwealths with antiquated statutes on this important social question should proceed at once to set a minimum marriageable age at sixteen."

N. Y. Jolt—While the thunder was at its height, New York State provided another jolt. Near Watertown, New York, a girl of twelve, Leona Elizabeth Roshia, was married to Stanley S. Backus, nineteen, in a Methodist Church. They obtained a license by saying they were eighteen and twenty-one, respectively. Parents of the girl approved the match.

But the authorities quickly stepped in. The girl, who is to become a mother, was taken in charge by an agent for dependent delinquents, the boy arrested on a statutory charge. In Wichita, Kansas, thirteen-year-old Viola McFeeters, now in reform school, was sued for divorce. Parents of pretty blonde Isabel Carter, thirteen, of Ohio, threatened annulment proceedings to end her marriage with Henry Monroe, thirty-seven, an almost hopeless paralytic.

Common Law—The Tennessee and New York cases caused a general scrutiny of the statutes. Common law, making the age twelve for girls and fourteen for boys, if the parents consent, prevails in nine States—Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Maryland, New Jersey, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Washington. In twenty-three States, the marriageable age for women with consent is sixteen.

In England, the ages are twelve and fourteen with consent. In Belgium and France, they are fifteen and eighteen with consent; without it, the parties may not wed until they are twenty-five. Italy permits girls of fifteen and boys of eighteen to enter wedlock. Germany provides that a girl may marry at sixteen, a man at twenty, with consent. Otherwise, the man must be twenty-five, the girl twenty-four.

RED CROSS: Victims Get Organized Aid in Nation's Greatest Flood Disaster

As the crest of the greatest flood in American history swept out of the Ohio River last week and began the 1,200-mile run down the Mississippi Valley to New Orleans and the Gulf, the American Red Cross pressed the follow-up fight on which depended thousands of lives threatened by disease and exposure.

Not that the flood danger itself was by any means past. From Cairo, Illinois, to New Orleans, levee defenders kept a ceaseless watch for breaks. Five hundred thousand persons faced potential peril that

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heavy rains would make imminent. But Army engineers hoped to hold the death toll at 400, the property damage around $550,000,000, the number of homeless at an estimated 800,000.

New Program—At Washington, as the tension eased, Congressmen of the water-scourged area lined up to speed action on President Roosevelt's $2,771,000,000 water conservation program.

At the same time, the $10,000,000 relief fund asked by the Red Cross had been swollen to almost $13,000,000, with contributions still pouring in. Directing the work from Washington, as Chairman, was Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, physician, horse-raiser, *confidant* of Presidents. In the field, in active charge of operations, was Colin Herrle, tall, big-boned, stoop-shouldered, a veteran of twenty-five years' experience in such work.

In the Field—Under Herrle's charge in the flood zone are 230 field hospitals, 650 Red Cross staff members, 1,500 nurses and an untold number of volunteer workers. Hundreds of doctors also are working under his direction—how many not even the Red Cross knows, for most of them are volunteers. The only doctors paid are those sent away from home; they get only $10 a day and maintenance, work fourteen hours a day or more.

Principal Red Cross problems are rehabilitation and prevention of disease. The Red Cross seeks to restore the destitute to the same economic status they had before the flood, insisting always that the individual help himself as much as possible. One dollar of every four contributed goes for emergency expenditures, the rest for rehabilitation.

As in all floods, disease is a terrific problem. Typhoid is the worst threat, and appeals have gone out for the population to boil drinking water, to go to field hospitals for inoculation. Several hundred nurses are busy inoculating at all times, some crews visiting homes. Smallpox is a lesser menace. Tetanus is a peril, particularly for relief workers and volunteers who may scratch themselves in clearing debris. The wholesale inoculation job will not be completed for a month.

Rehabilitation—In rehabilitation work, the Red Cross prefers to send supplies, taking care of the population in their homes rather than run the risk of epidemics in establishing concentration camps. It will support a flood victim until he is back on a self-supporting basis, pay his medical bills, rebuild his house and barn.

One difficulty always experienced by the Red Cross, however, is in preventing flood victims from returning to their homes too soon. Explaining this in his book, "Pioneering With the Red Cross," Ernest P. Bicknell writes:

"One day I was remonstrating with a grim woman in the camp, who demanded immediate help in taking her little children back to her water-soaked cabin.

" 'You don't understand,' I said from my greater wisdom. 'The water is several inches deep on the floor of your house; you can do nothing yet, and, besides, you and your children will get sick if you go home before the house dries out.'

"The woman looked at me with a pitying smile. 'You mean all right, Mister,' she said, 'and you all have been good to us; but I 'low you don't know much about floods. If you did, you'd know that if we don't get back home and wash the mud offen the walls an' the floors an' the tables an' the cheers before they dry out, we never can git 'em clean again. If that yaller mud dries on anything, the mark stays there till kingdom come. . . . We got to break up the ground and do our plantin' before the mud all dries up hard as a rock.' "

Staff—Behind the Red Cross work of rescue and rehabilitation is a trained staff of 780 and a Red Cross membership of 12,000,000—4,000,000 adults, 8,000,000 juniors. Salaries of most of the staff members range from $60 to "less than $7,200"; four are listed at $7,200 "and over." Chairman Grayson refused a $17,000 salary voted him, but accepts interest from a trust fund created in 1919. It yields him about $4,300 annually.

The balance sheet of the organization last June showed assets of $16,600,093, with a disaster revolving fund of $3,844,382 and a general fund balance of $4,015,016.

Thus the American Red Cross, organized in 1881, assumes to-day the importance of big business. Fifty-six years ago, it consisted of a handful of members organized by Clara Barton. For a decade or more, its membership was tiny, its efforts inadequate. Growing slowly, it attained nation-wide importance for the first time in 1906 in the San Francisco disaster.

NO NIGHTIE: District Attorney Exonerates Mary Miles Minter of Taylor Death

Mary Miles Minter, a haunted and unemployed motion-picture actress, stormed into the placid office of Buron Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, last week. The day was the fifteenth anniversary of the mystery murder of William Desmond Taylor, a Quixotic film director.

Her gloved hand smote his desk, her ice-blue eyes smoked with fury. She demanded, once and for all, that he try her for the murder Hollywood can't forget, or clear her in a public statement.

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In any crisis the sign of the Red Cross means succor and "restoration of the destitute"

In a tense, edgy voice, the actress described her wos. Disaster and tragedy had dogged her since the day of the homicide when her name, found signed to a packet of love-letters, was first linked with that of the slain Sybarite.

Heartache but never accusation had been her lot in the case; it had cost her fame, career, possibly $1,000,000.

Whispered Charges—She told Fitts that alleged, openly whispered charges that police possessed a nightgown of hers, supposed to have been found hanging in the dead man's clothes-closet, had been the single material object that stood between her and public vindication.

She leaned far over the desk, stared straight into Fitts's bland eyes—and denied that such a nightgown, embroidered with her initials, ever existed, in or out of Taylor's apartment.

Fitts asked her why she told this now, and she explained. A new printed statement, reiterating the nightgown story, had brought her to abrupt realization that she no longer could permit audacious trifling with her name. She admitted a cobweb of a handkerchief, splattered boldly with her initials, had in truth been found on the premises.

Then she repeated anew a statement that has tumbled from her lips many times in the last bleak fifteen years:

In Love—"I was madly in love with Mr. Taylor. He was the one love of my life. But there never was anything but a fine and honorable relationship between us."

When Miss Minter had silenced herself, events moved swiftly. Fitts sent for detectives who had been on the case since the beginning. They admitted they had no such nightgown among the murder exhibits, and never had had.

Twenty-four hours later, Fitts announced that Miss Minter had been absolved of any suspicion in the case, adding that so far as his office was concerned she never had been under suspicion.

Twenty-four hours after that, he made another public statement. He said that "CLOSED" had been written across files in the case. Death had ended it, because Edward F. Sands, mysteriously vanished secretary-butler to Taylor, "is dead."

"Shortly after the murder of Mr. Taylor, a complaint was issued against Sands, charging him with that murder," Fitts told newspaper men. "He was never apprehended. In so far as exhibits and physical evidence in the case are concerned, my office has at no time possessed such evidence."

Exoneration comes too late to help Miss Minter in a material way. She is now thirty-two years old, and even if still lovely enough to vie with younger beauties in films, would find it difficult to get a start.

She was a sudden sensation in Hollywood just before February 1, 1922, the murder date. Her fresh young beauty had made a star of her overnight. She received a tremendous salary, she was the first blonde actress to threaten Mary Pickford's then riveted supremacy. She was seventeen years old and her fortune was almost a million dollars.

Death—Henry Peavey, a hysterical Negro, discovered Taylor's body on the morning of February 2. One bullet, fired at close

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range into Taylor's back, had bored through his body. A check-book was clutched in the director's cold hand, he was slumped at his desk.

Before nightfall, Hollywood, already jittery because of the Roscoe Arbuckle case, then in the hands of a convicting jury, wheezed with excitement and horror.

Theft was no part of the homicide. Taylor's jewels, money and bonds were untouched. Already the name of Mabel Normand, impetuous comédienne, streamed across the front pages of newspapers. She had been in Taylor's house the night before, possibly within a few minutes of the time of the murder.

Shot Heard—Mrs. Douglas McLean, wife of the actor and a next-door neighbor, told police she heard a shot about 9 P.M., and soon after saw a man leave the house. His step was unhurried. McLean confirmed her story. Edna Purviance, a leading woman for Charles Chaplin, also a next-door neighbor, heard a shot, added that she saw a light in Taylor's bungalow at midnight. Other neighbors testified to

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1922: Mary Miles Minter's short career ended

hearing a shot at 2 A.M. The man who sauntered from the murder house at 9 was described as five feet nine, of medium build, roughly dressed.

The days raced by, piling up a sordid, frequently incredible story. Edward F. Sands vanished completely. He was quoted as having threatened Taylor. Seething love-letters on monogrammed paper were found stuffed down in the toe of one of Taylor's riding-boots.

Women's names tumbled daily. Normand, Minter and then Neva Gerber, an actress to whom Taylor had been engaged, saw their names printed in headline type six inches high. In smaller type was testimony that Taylor had been "a clean, normal, book-loving man." Sands was described as untrustworthy, vengeful.

It was Peavey, the valet, who first mentioned the nightgown. He, in a hysterical, falsetto voice tinged with fright, told Coroner Nance that "the nightgown has disappeared." He also said Miss Normand planned to marry Taylor. The comédi-

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"Closed" written across files in Taylor case

enne, snorting with indignation and punctuating her sentences with blunt monosyllables, denied any such intention and blistered Peavey for telling the nightgown story.

Not Sands — Then Sands's handkerchief was found near the body. But Under-Sheriff Biscali temporarily dulled the luster of that titbit by announcing that "somebody is going to get it fast, but it won't be Sands."

The investigation dragged tortuously on. Meanwhile, in panic because of nation-wide horror at the scandal which came so closely on the Arbuckle case, film executives banded together to save Miss Minter's reputation. She was hurried to the District Attorney's office and made a long, detailed statement. It was kept secret then, has been secret ever since. Taylor's checks to Miss Gerber, ranging into $500 sums, were found, but resulted in nothing concrete.

On February 14, the first and last message from the vanished Sands was received: he offered to clear up the murder mystery if embezzlement charges against him were dropped. He said that he didn't commit the murder, but knew who did.

Thereafter followed a torrent of the usual phony, crackpot confessions by cranks, wild stories of narcotics orgies, rumors of Sands's arrest. All were uniformly false.

In the hopeless end, only four things were clear: (1) Taylor was dead; (2) his real name was Deane-Tanner, member of an old Dublin family; (3) Sands might have been a black sheep younger brother; (4) Taylor was involved with many women.

Hold Slips—Coincident with Miss Minter's appearance the other day was announcement that a handwriting expert had decided finally that Point 3 was inaccurate. Handwriting of Sands and an actual younger Deane-Tanner did not match.

But Miss Minter's hold on her film public had slipped. She had a lot of money and no one felt she would ever be in want. She is not now in want, but only last May went into court with a claim for $750,000. She was suing Blyth & Co., stock-brokers, for return of bonds and other securities that she charged had been stolen by her agent, Leslie B. Henry, then serving a prison term. With her in the complaint were her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Fillmore.

No stranger to court actions since the murder mystery, Miss Minter once sued her mother for an accounting of her motion-picture earnings. When the case came to trial, the actress refused to appear against Mrs. Shelby.

She told an amazed judge that to prosecute her mother would be "a shabby performance."

Lady in Blue—Three weeks ago, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Grover Jones, a veteran Hollywood scenarist and former laborer in movie studios, wrote a portion of his filmland reminiscences. There, for the first time in print, he told of The Lady in Blue.

He described her as a small woman always dressed in blue who frequently was

Pictures, Inc.

1937: After fifteen years of haunting gossip

seen advising Taylor on routining of motion-picture scenarios and even on the settings. Jones never was introduced to her, but was amazed at the influence she had over Taylor. During the investigation he watched the newspapers daily, studying photographs of all the women in the case. Her picture never was used, her identity never was established—or mentioned.

In 1926, near Kernville, California, Jones saw an expensive car drive up, stop at a hotel. A liveried chauffeur opened the door — and The Woman in Blue stepped out of it.

She quietly asked a citizen a few questions, got back in and drove away. Jones never knew her name, nor has he seen her since 1926.

She wasn't Normand, Minter, Purviance, Gerber—she wasn't any of those in the long list of women who crossed Taylor's life.

Police seem unaware that she ever existed.

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NEWLY SHOD, GIPSY KING IS BURIED

Tribal Monarch Mourned by Flock in Weird Requiem

I climbed upon the wall and cried,
And heard the wind reply:
"I wonder why you sob and sigh
If every hope has died?"

Scores of disheveled, brown-skinned men, women and children, clad in the brilliant, flowing garments which the passing of centuries in a changing world has failed to alter, beat their breasts and intoned exotic dirges as they knelt over the body of their monarch in Gratz, Capital of Styria, Austria.

Austrians, who mostly know their Gipsy minority as *café* musicians, last week saw fully 5,000 of these gay, restless *Zigeuner* quietly quit their various Bohemian occupations and flock, sad-faced, to the funeral of their dead King, Ludwig Wadosch—a horse dealer, whose 343 pounds of flesh heightened his royal authority in death as in life.

Old Ritual—Clinging to their centuries-old ritual, they did honor to their tribal monarch in a weird, moving chorus, the unfettered strains of which hark back to their Aryan origin as the whilom members of a stray Hindu tribe doomed to ages of wandering through the civilized world—in Asia, in Africa and in the New World—leading a merry, care-free life, unencumbered by worldly possessions or social obligations.

Quick to respond to emotion, both in joy and in sorrow, the Romany tribesmen gave full vent to their anguish in mournful melody as their musicians, bearing stringed instruments, followed the hearse to the grave, where the King's eldest son played the final solo of lament. Because of a belief that the soul leaves the body only after its disintegration, the monarch's house was emptied of its worldly belongings, lest his spirit covet them through the hole traditionally drilled in the lid of the coffin for its final escape.

Tho King Wadosch's feet had trod thousands of miles over the plains and valleys of eastern Europe, he probably never wore a better pair of shoes than those with which his followers shod them after death.

This ancient precaution they took because they believe that before attaining final rest, as ordained by God (whom they call Devel), the dead must travel over huge distances of scorching plains to remind them of the tribulations of life.

In the years since the World War, the Gipsies of Hungary and Czechoslovakia have found it hard sledding because of the restrictions placed on their unusual activities and variegated occupations by new-born Governments. In Hungary, they were ordered to take regular baths and their children were compelled to go to school and to observe the elements of cleanliness, a virtue which seldom troubles their race.

To make matters worse, the Hungarians decreed that Gipsies must bear a tattooed certificate on their skin, a step calculated to prevent their custom of frequently changing names.

In Czechoslovakia, where about 50,000 Gipsies are known to exist, they are also obliged to register with the police and, in some cases, they are placed within reservations, like those of the American Indian.

Their men, however, are encouraged to join special companies in the Army, while in Slovakia there is a District Council headed by a Gipsy Mayor—part of a movement to encourage their assimilation in the country's national life and thus wean them away from their objectionable practises, such as fortune-telling and petty thievery.

Austrian Refuge—Vexed by these new-fangled restrictions, the Gipsies of Hungary and Czechoslovakia had sought refuge in Austria during the last few years, finding the country more suited to their life of wandering and leisure, its *cafés* welcome places where their musicians were always in demand to regale the pleasure-loving citizens of such large towns as Gratz, Salzburg and Vienna.

Wedded to a life of peripatetic minstrelsy, entailing a minimum of worry, the Gipsies have always puzzled scientists, who find it hard to explain their indifference to constructive thought and the deeper concerns of life. They follow their more or less primitive instincts, pay scant attention to their spiritual or religious welfare and pitch their tents wherever their hearts desire, earning a skimpy livelihood by singing jocund songs, and cherishing mere baubles above precious gems. Among the rank and file they are regarded with awe for their psychic lore, and their fortune-telling and character reading are based on omens they are supposed to read in sand and pebbles.

Wanderers—Hardly a corner of the earth but has been penetrated by the Gipsy, who invariably refuses to settle permanently and even scorns the scorn in which he is almost universally held.

In Spain, where their songs (known as *cante flamenco*) are highly admired, they are variously known as *Gitanos, Bohemios, Flamencos* or *Hungaros;* in France, *Bohémiens;* in Italy, *Zingari;* in Bulgaria, *Tsiganin;* in Hungary, *Czigany;* in Rumania, *Tigan;* in Turkey, *Chingiane;* in Egypt, *Harami;* in Syria, *Nowar;* and in Persia, *Luri.*

But the happy-go-lucky Gipsies, shouldering their light life burden of song and living the life of the birds, prefer to call their men, *Rom;* their women, *Romni.* Their language is known to them as *Romany* or *Romani,* while the rest of the world is just *gajo,* or gentiles.

The greatest of all Gipsy fiddlers was Janos Behari, who carried Gipsy music to its perfection and played to the monarchs who assembled at the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

Because he was born in the same year which saw the birth of Napoleon, he later

Photos from Wide World—Globe—Publishers Photo

Gipsies . . . mysterious, care-free nomads wander away from countries that restrict them

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became known in Europe as the Napoleon of Music.

It was Behari who fixed the tradition followed by all present-day Gipsy fiddlers, who rivet their glances, while playing their violin, on the prettiest ladies of their audiences. Hardly subtle, but it works.

IRISH BOOM: Closer Anglo-Irish Accord Seen Over Mutual Defense Problems

"Poor" Ireland, whose distressful state long has been the subject of song and story, is beginning to boast of a new prosperity.

The Free State's prospects were never lower than when President Eamon De Valera took office five years ago. The American-born leader of the movement to free Ireland immediately refused to pay Britain the land annuities—yearly payments of $25,000,000 representing interest and sinking fund charges which farmers owed on the loan with which Britain bought off the Irish landlords. De Valera argued that the landlords had stolen the land from the natives in the first place, so the debt was illegal.

Some one has said that the cat-and-dog relationship between Ireland and her historic enemy would cease if Irishmen could forget, and Englishmen remember. But, as usual, Englishmen forgot. Britain immediately clamped down savage duties on cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, poultry, butter, eggs and cream—the country's main exports, which had run around $180,000,000 a year. While Englishmen patriotically cultivated a taste for Danish bacon over the breakfast table, De Valera countered with heavy tariffs on British manufactured goods.

Trade Falls—By the end of 1935, British exports had fallen 35 per cent., but the Free State, which formerly sent 90 per cent. of her exports across the Irish Sea, suffered a far heavier loss.

To hold up his end in the trade war, De Valera launched a gigantic program to make the country self-sufficient. "Grow more wheat!" screamed bill-boards, radio announcers, newspaper editors. Country boys found jobs in quickly built factories.

In four years, wheat-fields spread from 21,000 acres to 255,000. Last year, for the first time in history, the country bought no flour abroad.

Shoe imports dropped to almost nothing as twenty-seven factories—a third of them new last year—hired five times more men than in 1935. Since 1932, production had jumped from 841,000 pairs to 5,000,000.

While clothing factories turned out the men's apparel previously bought from Britain, exports of Irish wools enjoyed a boom. Mme. Schiaparelli, Parisian dress designer, helped it with her evening wraps of black and cardinal tweeds.

To prevent further crowding of the slums of Dublin and Cork, the factories were located in country towns. Their products—previously imported by the agricultural country—included pencils, carbons and typewriter ribbons, metal furniture, laundry equipment, lamps, tires, cosmetics, leather goods, linen thread, sporting cartridges and razor blades.

From 1932 to 1936, the country's imports rose from $177,965,000 to $197,115,000 and its exports from $93,130,000 to $109,340,000.

Acme

De Valera may solve Erin's annuities and naval problems by paying England $25,000,000 a year

Late in 1935, calling a truce in the trade war, the Free State and Britain signed an agreement under which British coal could be exchanged for Ireland's most vexing surplus, cattle. The sum involved equaled the disputed annuities—$25,000,000.

De Valera, old-time revolutionary who walked out of a British prison when friends made him a key from a wax imprint he had slipped past the jailer, was calming down. Last month, on his way home from a trip to his Zurich eye specialist, he arrived quietly at the Grosvenor Hotel, London. Dominions Secretary Malcolm MacDonald, ambitious young son of Ramsay, who burns to find a final answer to the Irish Question, arrived there even more quietly. A three-hour interview made the Scot late for luncheon. After a talk with the Prime Minister, he returned for an afternoon session. Next morning, De Valera left for Dublin—he never spends more than twenty-four hours in the British Capital, for a Dominion head who does so is expected to call on the King.

Optimism—MacDonald seemed optimistic, and hopes spread that the negotiators had finally agreed. In the House of Commons, however, the Minister could only reveal that the coal-cattle agreement had been extended for another year.

"Arising out of the conversations," he admitted cagily, "certain matters are under examination, and until this is completed I can not say whether any formal discussions are imminent. I would like to add that the British Government are ready to take any opportunity which presents itself of reaching a satisfactory settlement of the outstanding questions."

Britons suspect that "Dev" wants to string out the talks till next summer, for to them one of the bitterest questions at issue is whether the Free State will take part in the Coronation ceremony in May. Tho the President, by an unexpected concession on King Edward's abdication, now admits the Sovereign's authority in foreign relations, he refused him any internal influence.

For Ireland, the most important question hinges on Union—the inclusion in the Free State of the six adamantine northern counties which still send legislators to Westminster and accept their Governor from King George.

Defense—On the defense issue, De Valera, who has grown in statesmanship, presumably will listen to reason. He signed an agreement permitting Britain to build a transatlantic air-base on the River Shannon, and under its terms forbade Germany, which has ached for an Irish foothold since it aided Roger Casement in War days, to carry on aerial experiments from the green island.

Thus, if Britain's frontier is on the Rhine, so, apparently, is the Free State's. Yet Ireland's fleet consists of a few fishing patrol-boats, and in case of war it would have to depend on the British Navy. Rumors now indicate that De Valera may solve the annuities problem by paying Britain $25,000,000 a year in exchange for the protection of her Navy.

Yet the roseate glow which brightened Anglo-Irish negotiations faded again last month. In his first honors list, King George, with the historic want of tact which has characterized Britain's relations with the smaller neighbor, made Baron Greenwood a Viscount. Since 1933, the Canadian-born politician has been Treasurer of the Conservative Party, a service which probably explains the award.

Irish Dislike—But with their long memories, the Irish despise the burly, red-cheeked, loud-voiced man who, as Chief Secretary for Ireland during the "trouble," defended the notorious Black and Tans. One of his boasts, which shocked the Archbishop of Canterbury to protest, was:

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"I could wrest the last pistol from the hands of the last assassin in Ireland."

Presumably he never made it good, for outside his London home at 5 Gray's Inn Square a lonely bobby keeps constant watch against the chance that some Irishman has not forgotten.

UNEASY GHOST: Regency Bill Passes Commons; Viennese Music Recalls Windsor

Britain finds it hard to lay the uneasy ghost of her last King.

The Government had planned to provide an allowance of $125,000 a year for the Duke of Windsor in the Civil List. Last week, word trickled into Downing Street that Labor and Liberal M.P.s and even some Conservatives were preparing to throw off the gag that silenced them during the debate on Edward's abdication, and protest against the granting of public funds to the royal exile. Result: British taxpayers will give him nothing.

Instead, King George will remit to his brother a part of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which aggregate about £104,000 annually. Thus, the vanished lover's penchant for sending his American fiancée expensive jewels will not become a subject for Parliamentary debate, tho the Opposition can still have its fun with the proposed £25,000-a-year allowance for Princess Elizabeth, the heir apparent, when the Civil List finally does come to the floor.

Defender—By an amusing coincidence, William Gallacher, hot-headed Communist M.P. and royalty's foremost opponent, emerged as the ex-King's defender, but only at his successor's expense. He attacked the Regency Bill, which makes the Duke of Gloucester Regent in case little Princess Elizabeth succeeds during her minority, and names five members of the royal family as a Council to represent the King during his illness or absence.

"There is not only the fact that you have had the abdication of a monarch who had been presented as the last word in an ideal man," he raged, "but you have now got a monarch that no one is sure of at all—and you can not carry on without some alternative arrangement. . . . While there is a complete lack of confidence in the present monarch, they (the Ministers) must try as they tried through the Abdication Bill to patch up the unpatchable."

James Maxton, pale, emaciated Independent Laborite, also fought the measure. "If the duties are—as has been pointed out by the Home Secretary—merely of a purely automatic nature not requiring any maturity of judgment at all but merely the ability to write one's own name in a fairly legible hand," he said, "then I should imagine that even the young (ten-year-old) heir to the throne just now, if she has attained ordinary educational advancement, is capable of this particular act—namely, the signing of her own name." Overriding their protests, the Commons passed the bill without a record vote.

Reunion—On Sunday, a tired and wan Princess Royal descended from the train at Vienna, embraced her brother. After the kissing, her husband, the elderly Earl of Harewood, came out of hiding in his compartment. The three drove to the British Legation and thence to Enzesfeld Castle to splash off the train grime in Baron Rothschild's golden tubs. The London *Daily Mirror* said that Mary had made the journey in the hope of persuading Windsor not to marry Mrs. Simpson.

Once in the spotlight, as the former monarch learned, it is difficult to escape it. Thus, when he went to the British Legation at Vienna for a musical evening last week, a New York *Times* reporter delightedly scanned the program for words describing the love-lorn Duke.

Memories—"Leave me alone, oh world," the young soprano caroled, "let my heart remain alone with its pain and its bliss." Richard Strauss's "Dedication" included the too-appropriate words: "You know, dear soul, that far from you I suffer. Love makes my heart sick."

Two days later, the Associated Press reported that the Duke and Mrs. Simpson would marry in Austria on April 27.

Photo Wernli from Black Star

Vittorio Mussolini wooed his bride on the shores of the Adriatic

PAPA AGREES: Vittorio Mussolini Starts Long Honeymoon With Milanese Bride

When Vittorio Mussolini, twenty-one-year-old son of the dictator, fell in love with Signorina Orsola Buvoli, he went to his mother. "*Dillo à Papà!*" Donna Rachele advised him. "Tell Papa."

But young Vittorio, tho he was about to enlist as a pilot to fight Ethiopia, lacked the courage to approach his father. The youth had met the pretty blonde Milanese on the beach at the Adriatic resort of Riccione where, after the manner of well-brought-up Italians, she sunned herself under her mother's constant chaperonage. Since the death or desertion of her husband—the stories differ—several years ago, Signora Buvoli had earned a lean living for her two daughters giving music lessons.

The engagement remained a secret, and unofficial, when Vittorio left for Africa.

There, he and his brother, Bruno, eighteen, joined in aerial exploits which kept them in newspaper head-lines for weeks. Suddenly their names dropped out completely. They had fallen under *Il Duce's* old pronunciamento, "Journalistically, my family does not exist."

As Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen revealed in their "Washington Merry Go Round," one of the boys dropped a bomb on a British Red Cross unit. Before London could protest, Mussolini summoned Sir Eric Drummond, Ambassador at Rome. His irresponsible son, *Il Duce* frankly admitted, was responsible. He had meant to blow up a camel train, but dropped his bomb too soon. Britain accepted the apology.

Back from the war, Vittorio finally got up his nerve and started a halting story about the girl.

"Do you love her?" the dictator interrupted, according to Roman rumor.

"Yes, father, I do."

"Is she tall, is she sound in body and mind?" the father continued.

"Yes—but she's poor!"

"What's that got to do with it?" *Il Duce* boomed. "So long as you love her and she is good and strong and capable of bearing you many sons. That is all that is necessary. You had better marry her as soon as possible."

Il Duce Calls—In Milan last November, after his historic olive-branch speech which led to the recent Anglo-Italian agreement, the dictator called at the cramped apartment of his future daughter-in-law. She and her mother nearly fainted, tho he beamed his approval with his first glance. "How did you like my speech?" he shot out. Apparently they gave the right answer, for he immediately set February 6 as the wedding date.

Saturday the couple were married in the Church of St. Joseph, parish church for Mussolini's Villa Torlonia.

As a wedding gift, it was reported, *Il Duce* promised his son the editorship of his Milan daily, *Popolo d'Italia*, transferring his nephew, Vito, who had not made good at the job, to the diplomatic service.

Rome Home—Meanwhile the bride, who is known for her simple tastes and talent at the piano, has furnished a small home

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in Rome, where the couple will live after a long honeymoon trip to Hollywood, where Vittorio, who has shown no journalistic ambitions, hopes to cultivate his greatest interest—movie production.

Young Mussolini and his brother Bruno and brilliant unconventional sister Edda, wife of Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, constitute the "first series" of the dictator's children. With his campaign for larger families, he began the second series—Romano, now nine and Annamaria, six.

Vittorio, once called a wild youth with a disgusting fondness for practical jokes, has settled down recently, and delighted his father by passing his second-year law studies with honors. The Countess, who most closely resembles her dynamic father, is his favorite, and probably the only person in Italy who dares face his wrath. She, too, plans to visit the United States.

She should delight society with her American slang, picked up from Marine wives in Shanghai when her husband was Consul there. She once amazed the dignified British Ambassador at a dinner with her flippant, "Okey dokey, Sir Eric."

VOLGA TEUTONS: Germans Surpass Neighborly Russians in Communistic Reality

Populous as Idaho, big as New Hampshire and Vermont, the German Volga Republic, 872 miles south of Moscow, gives a partial answer to the question: Suppose Germany had gone red; what would Germans have made of Communism?

Something better than the Russians have made of it, seems to be the answer unearthed by the *Christian Science Monitor's* veteran Moscow correspondent in a detailed study of the Republic for his paper.

Little did German-born Empress Catherine the Great suspect that she was preparing a laboratory experiment in communism when, in 1787, twenty-fifth year of her reign, nine years before she died, she settled 27,000 of her countrymen astride the Volga on the drought-ridden high plateau of the river basin. Experiment it was, but in endurance. Hostile tribes raided the German settlements. Great Russia, after Catherine's death, tried to "Russianize" them. Violent winters froze them. Blistering summers intermittently burned their crops.

But neither raiders, Russianization, blizzards nor famine could defeat these sturdy Teutons.

They survived, kept their language, multiplied from 27,000 to half a million, and even in chaotic Czarism made a more orderly and systematic job than most of the Slavs around them.

During the World War the Imperial Government decided to move them *en masse* to Siberia. Red revolution broke up that plan in 1917; but for a time civil wars, crop-seizing armies and local violence made them almost wish they had been driven to the land of exile.

Kulaks—More prosperous than surrounding farmers, one in five was designated as a Kulak and, during the violent period of the "iron broom," they were swept to liquidation camps. In 1924, three years after the terrible drought famines when thousands died, the German Volga Republic was set up by Moscow, its population allowed to keep its own language.

Last year's drought was worse than that of 1921; but last year brought no famine. On 412 collective farms, and twenty-seven State farms, 450,000 peasants wring better crops from the dry soil with machinery than they could get from the same land farmed in little patches.

In the village of Stahl, 393 families, 1,660 persons, farm 12,500 acres of arable land and 5,000 acres of pasture owned by the State, but leased to the farmers in perpetuity. Collectively owned stock comprises 337 horses, eighty cows, three camels, 104 sheep, 406 chickens. For its very own, each family has its house, two acres of land, one cow, a few pigs, a few sheep, also chickens and bees; and, the *Monitor* correspondent noticed, they did even better with their individual garden-patches than with the communal farms.

Seventy-five thousand acres already are irrigated. To irrigate 4,000,000 more, Moscow has allocated 20,000,000 rubles.

Schools—Proud as they are of their superior, solid, orderly villages, citizens of the German Volga Republic are still prouder of their schools, to which goes more than half the local budget. Under the Czars, they had 178 teachers; under the hammer and sickle, 3,000. In most towns schools are the most conspicuous of all the buildings. Under the Czars, the population was 44 per cent. literate, far above the 5 per cent. average for the rest of Russia. But in 1937 literacy has shot up to 98 per cent., and for the younger generation that means literacy in both German and Russian, spoken with equal facility.

To the tractor-station at Kukkus went the *Monitor* man, there saw fifty mechanics and executives busy keeping in tip-top shape 101 tractors, twenty-four seeders, twelve combines and ten trucks. As in everything else, he noted, the German communists surpassed their neighbor Russians.

At Engels, the capital, he saw a fine repertory theater with performances in German and Russian, and a symphony orchestra of sixty. Both theater company and orchestra frequently tour the near-by villages. But here, as everywhere in Russia, the weight of the State is against religion. Most villages have no churches. Engels's 80,000 inhabitants have one.

Sovfoto

German communism: Frauen prepare breakfast at a communal nursery in the German Volga Republic

FRANCO'S GOAL: No Beggars, No Potentates; a Rich Spain "Like Germany, Italy"

"There will be neither beggars, poor nor potentates. But Spain will return to an era when it will be strong and powerful, rich and respected, like Germany and Italy."

Tho primarily a rough-and-ready soldier, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco has had to do so much soap-box oratoring since he started the rebellion against the Spanish Government six months ago that his voice has become vibrant, his speeches spellbinding and rich with florid Castilian metaphors.

Last Sunday, he was at his best when he addressed a mammoth meeting in the Town Hall of storied Seville. Recalling the town's erstwhile glory, he promised his audience that he would work for restoring the "old, dignified Spain," and "liberate our brothers held captives."

Like Mussolini and Hitler, Franco has consistently denounced the spread of communism in his country, brushing aside the protests of the Loyalist leaders that at the time the Civil War started the Spanish Cabinet was made up mostly of republicans and mild Left-wingers.

Totalitarian—A few days earlier, he had cabled back his answers to Roy W. Howard, Editor of the New York *World-Telegram,* expressing himself as a great admirer of Fascism and Nazism and advocating a totalitarian State whose basis should be "the family and the workshop." He refused, however, to say whether he would establish a constitutional monarchy with the help of a *Cortes* (Parliament). Neither would he state whether, should he defeat the Loyalists, he would place restrictions on suffrage.

While Franco spoke non-committally of his future plans, his Moors and Foreign

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Legionnaires besieging Madrid appeared to have begun a terrific attack on the Capital's only outlet to the Mediterranean. Reenforced by almost every known type of war equipment, they swooped southeastward and established a new ten-mile front between the Jarama River and the Madrid-Aranjuez Road. Swarming down from Getafe, former Loyalist air-port, they battered their way southeastward and captured the towns of Basques, Mesa, Valde Cabre, Lamaranosa and Cienpozuelas, where they were halted by the Loyalist Militia.

Capture—Last Sunday, beaming a wrinkled smile, aged Gen. Gonzalo Quiepo de Llano, commander of the southern Rightist forces, announced that his troops already had captured Malaga, according to a United Press dispatch. Reliable reports from Cadiz, Atlantic seaport, told a few hours earlier that the capture was really hastened after three Italian ships had disembarked a large number of "volunteers," whose landing was protected by a Fascist war-ship and sentries posted at the quay.

Earlier in the week, the Loyalists likewise took advantage of a spell of good weather and struck hard at the Rightists, forcing them back into Pinto after retaking the town of Valdemoro. Their main objective was to safeguard the railroad station at Aranjuez, which protects the only highway left for the defenders of Madrid to Valencia, seat of their temporary Government.

In Valencia, Premier Largo Caballero told the *Cortes* that he was "supremely confident of victory" when he officially expressed his Government's consent to the London Non-Intervention Committee's proposal to control the dispatch of arms.

Women Equal—Claiming, however, that his was the only legitimately elected Government of Spain, he reserved for it the right to purchase munitions. At the same time, his Minister of Justice, Garcia Oliver, promulgated a decree that placed Spanish women on a basis of equality with men and abolished "the archaic privileges of the husband."

From the Vatican came news that about 40 per cent. of the Spanish priesthood, including eleven Bishops, had been killed in "systematic slaughter" by the Loyalists, according to an article written by the priests of the Spanish College in Rome and published in the papal organ, *L'Osservatore Romano*. Asserting that there were 33,500 priests in Spain before the outbreak of the Civil War, the article puts the slaughter at 13,400 clergymen, and asserts that "no part of Spain held by communists has escaped."

Cool—From the international viewpoint, the cool reaction of the Nazi and Fascist Governments became apparent when the proposal of the Non-Intervention Committee, sitting in London, found faint response in Rome and Berlin. "Volunteers" were being steadily recruited in both Capitals, despite Italy's note stating that the Government was working on "legislation to prevent departure of volunteers."

Cabling from London, William H. Stoneman, in a dispatch to the New York *Sun*, reported that "recruiting for Spain has been almost completely open among the unemployed, and cash bonuses of from 1,000 to 3,000 lire ($52 to $157) have been promised to recruits in Italy. Such men receive 3½ lire (18 cents) per day for Spanish service."

DAI NIPPON: Cabinet of Nonentities Formed by Military to Assail Industrialists

If grave, gray U.S. Chief of Staff Gen. Malin Craig should send Congress home and dismiss all of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, the American public would be considerably disturbed.

Considerably disturbed were Japan's 70,000,000 last week.

For the first time in the history of Dai Nippon (Great Japan) the Army Staff had blocked the will of the Privy Council (sixteen Imperial Princes of the Blood and twenty-six nobles and notables appointed by the Emperor), and of the *Genro*, represented in the person of their one surviving member, eighty - eight - year - old Prince Saionji.

Big Three—Most shocking of all Big Three's,* the rejection of counsel took

Pictures, Inc.—© International

The Army defied Saionji . . . appointed Hayashi

place after it had been expressed through Emperor Hirohito, "source of all power," whose mere expression of "anxiety" a year ago quashed a mutiny, caused its leaders to commit suicide, sent seven generals of the Supreme War Council into retirement, condemned seventeen officers who would otherwise have been pardoned to the firing squad.

Nonentities—Amid general stupefaction at the Big Three's refusal to accept Gen. Kazushige Ugaki, choice of the Emperor's Councilors, as Premier, Gen. Senjuro Hayashi, chosen to placate the Big Three, named a Cabinet of nonentities, led them to the gorgeous Phoenix Hall of the Imperial Palace for their formal induction, held a Cabinet meeting, asked that Parliament's "vacation" be extended another week, went to work on a program that is admittedly only a stop-gap.

Tho labeled a "moderate," Hayashi, as War Minister three years ago, inundated Japan with Army-published propaganda pamphlets which goaded the population to hysteria.

"War is the father of creation," one pamphlet began. "War is the mother of culture. . . . Rivalry for supremacy does for a State what struggling against adversity does for an individual."

Frightful Tales—Other pamphlets told frightful tales of gigantic Russian bombing squadrons, ready to "annihilate" Japanese cities; of American preparations to use the Aleutian Islands as a base for Lewisite gas attacks.

Basically, the present crisis is part of the Army's long struggle to down the Great Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, Asana and Kuhara financial interests.

Since the Manchurian "incident" of 1931, the Army and the "interests" have raced each other for ultimate control, business and finance backing the political parties, not, the Army contends, for the good of Japan, but to pad the linings of their own pockets.

Program—Capital, the Army insists, has corrupted all major political parties with lavish campaign slush funds. High finance, low politics, say the generals, ruin the country.

Army program: to shift taxes from the farmers to the financiers, to socialize hydroelectric power and other "wealth-producing" industries, to bring more of China into the ring they have drawn since 1931 around Manchuria and Jehol.

"Penetration" of North China is to be peaceful if China does not fight; but peaceful or not, it is to be penetration. Aggression to Western eyes, this policy is to the Nipponese a struggle for national existence. Proof, to the Army, that something must be done to raise Japan's standard of living (that something besides development of industrial and trading areas in China) is that the physique and stature of youth, for several decades improving, has begun to deteriorate again.

*Field Marshal Prince Kanin, Chief of the General Staff; Gen. Juichi Terauchi, former Minister of War; Gen. Gen Sugiyama, Inspector General for Military Education.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Berlin—A new law published by the Ministry of Education forbids the use of Latin on Doctors' diplomas; also withdraws the title of *Doktor* from persons deprived of German citizenship.

* * *

Vienna—Alleging that a postage-stamp album to which he was passionately devoted came between her husband and her, a Viennese housewife has obtained a divorce. For a year, the wife insisted, her husband wasted his income on the album, stinted her, neglected her, alienated her friends, and finally broke up a home.

* * *

Bucharest—King Carol's wine and cheese shop, which retails the products of his vineyards and dairies from the back entrance of the Royal Palace, is doing a thriving business this year. Customers can buy the same brandies, cheeses and wines used on the royal table. The Czars of Russia owned some of Carol's vineyards before Bessarabia was annexed to Rumania.

* * *

Barcelona—Eduardo Farras, who threw a bomb at King Alfonso XIII while he was riding from the Paris Opera with President Loubet thirty-two years ago, died in the San Andres insane asylum last week.

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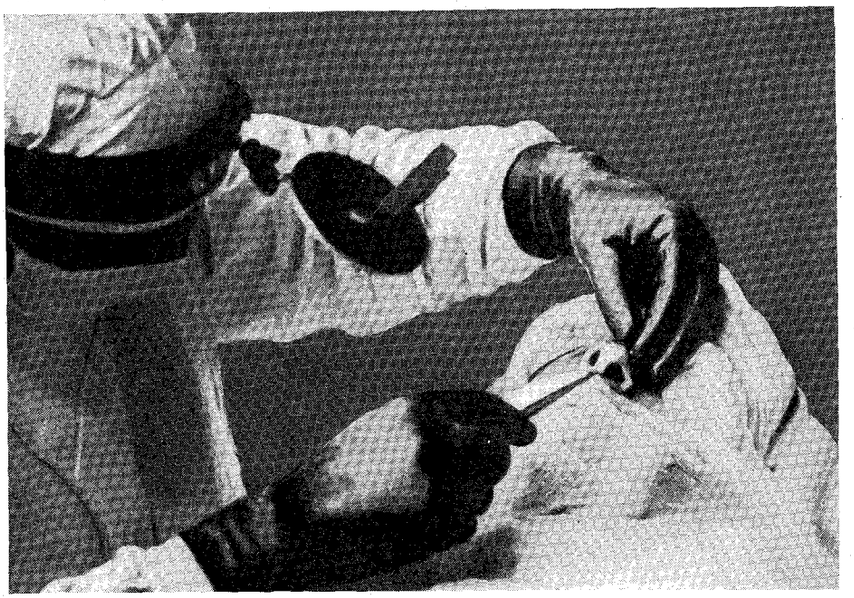
REPAIRING ACCIDENT-DAMAGED FACES

Plastic Surgery Offers Rebuilt Features to Luckless Victims



Acme

Delicate specialty for which not more than 100 plastic surgeons are qualified in the U.S.

To-day, almost any young woman is more than likely to be reasonably well satisfied with her face.

To-morrow, that same young woman may recoil in horror from a glimpse of her face in a mirror, a face suddenly become a ghastly, broken, distorted, unrecognizable gargoyle.

It may doom her to years of mental anguish, may deny her all social contacts, cost her her job, her sweetheart, may even drive her to suicide.

For the stark and bitter truth is that when it comes to automobile accidents which cause severe facial injuries, the woman always pays. At least 75 per cent. of the facial repair jobs which come to the plastic surgeon are classified as guest-passenger injuries—*i.e.*, injuries to the passenger riding with the driver. Usually these passengers are young women. In the event of accident the driver is often protected by the steering-wheel, but his guest is catapulted against the wind-shield unless he or she has seen the crash coming and braced for it.

Sculptors in Flesh—First aid for motor accident victims is usually prompt, efficient, thorough.

Ambulance surgeons, internes, hospital staffs are admirably prepared to protect the injured from infection and restore them to physical well-being. The competent physician is less well-equipped to restore lacerated flesh and jagged bones to normal appearance.

Plastic surgeons unanimously complain that they are usually consulted long after the accident, their task complicated by the necessity of removing scars from wounds long healed.

For this there is an understandable reason. In the entire U. S. there are probably not more than 100 plastic surgeons qualified by extensive training to practise this extremely delicate specialty. The Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, recognized by the Academy of Medicine, has a national membership of forty-five, of whom about thirty are operating surgeons.

Each member must be approved by his local medical association, must have training in general surgery and eye, ear, nose and throat, must have worked for several years under a competent specialist.

Technique—The specialist has two cogent bits of advice for the automobile guest-passenger: (1) Don't ride with a tipsy or reckless driver. (2) In event of injury, summon a plastic surgeon at once.

The first step in rebuilding a shattered human face is a careful inspection and cleansing of the wound. Then, using both index fingers, the operator palpates (feels) all facial bones, including those of the nose and the mouth.

His first effort is to conserve tissue by trimming jagged skin in straight lines, joining and suturing the wound, sewing the edges of dangling skin-flaps back in place. Broken facial bones must be carefully reset.

Dr. Claire L. Straith, Detroit plastic surgeon, described in a recent issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* an apparatus he developed for holding fractured bones in place while they knit. A metal head band is mounted in a plaster cast. From this rigid frame a series of supporting members hold broken bones of nose, cheek and mouth firmly in position.

In spite of immediate attention, infections sometimes develop. In that case reconstructive technique is suspended and plastic procedure not resumed until two months after every vestige of infection has disappeared.

Flaps and Grafts—Severed noses and dangling ears can be replaced by the competent operator. Ugly depressions can be built up with cartilage from the patient's own body. Grafts and flaps are the two most important reliances of the plastic surgeon.

Skin detached completely from its bed and implanted in a distant part of the body is called a graft.

Flaps are preferred to grafts in most facial defects. The flap is just what its name implies—a bit of skin incised from a surface of the body but still connected with it at one end, something like the tongue of a shoe. The small piece of tissue which holds the loose flap to its original site is called a pedicle.

In the case of a nose injury, the flap is usually chosen from the forehead. It is long enough to reach the injury to be repaired; the raw undersurface of the flap is placed upon the raw surface of the wound and the edges stitched in place. The pedicle through which the flap receives nourishment is not severed until the skin grows into the new site, for the flap is living tissue receiving blood just as it did on the forehead.

From ten days to three weeks are required for the flap to become an integral surface of the rebuilt nose. The forehead wound usually heals by itself and the slight scar edges are concealed by the hair-line. The location of the injury determines the source of the flap, which must match the repaired skin. If an eyebrow is involved, hair-bearing skin must be used. In facial repairs to male patients Doctor Straith prefers to use the skin beneath the ear.

Cartilage—Gristle (cartilage) rather than bone is the plastic material used in reconstructing deep-set injuries. Bone tends to be absorbed when conveyed into soft tissue. The usual source of cartilage is the patient's own body, the ribs supplying an abundance of this non-shrinking material. It is also obtained from behind the ear. Thus, with cartilage as his basic structural material, and flaps and grafts his substances for resurfacing, the skilled surgeon works his miracles of reconstruction.

Accident victims are not the only customers of the plastic operator. Esthetic reconstructions of the nose are frequent; Jack Dempsey and Fannie Brice are notable examples of this type of operation.

Personal History—The emergency suddenly faced by the victim of a disfiguring motor accident is graphically described by Miss H. C., who writes:

"I saw it coming. The highway, a four-lane road, was wet with rain. A car approaching us skidded, turned broadside between us and the car ahead. Ned put on the brakes. I didn't know enough to brace myself. I was knocked out. When I regained consciousness, Ned and I were seated upright.

"I saw him staring at my face and my hand went up to explore what had happened there. My nose was mashed to a pulp—I didn't have a nose. Blood was flowing and matting my fur coat. I saw a hole in the wind-shield the size of a grapefruit. If we had been going faster I probably would have been decapitated. I didn't feel anything for a few minutes.

"A State Trooper lifted me out of the demolished car and leaned me up against another car. A passing machine was requisitioned and we were put into it. We were taken to the nearest doctor's office, but he could only give me a hypodermic

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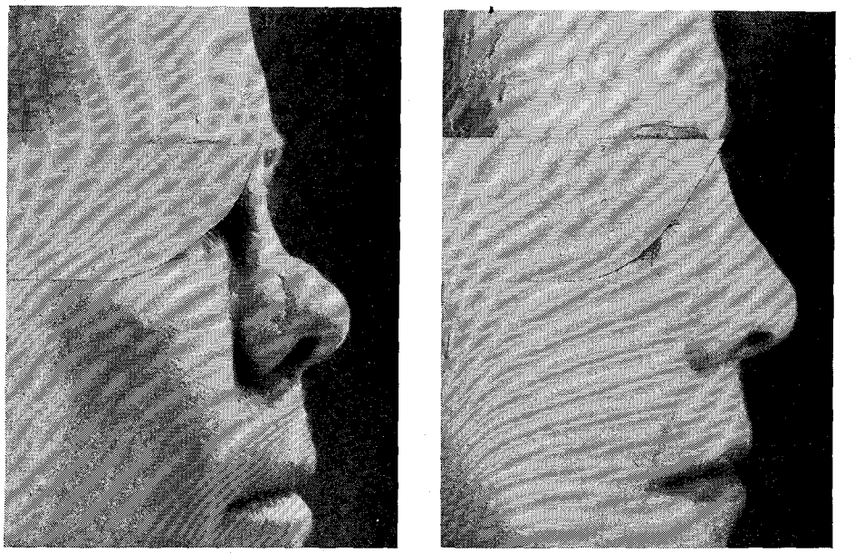

Reconstruction: before and after a battered nose was repaired by plastic surgery

injection, saying he would have to take me to a hospital to sew me up.

"I was carried to the emergency operating-room, transferred to an operating-table with my heavy fur coat still on. My face was swabbed and the doctor began stitching it up. My eyes were left uncovered and I could see every stitch that was taken. Finally it was finished and the doctor said I'd have to remain in the hospital. A nurse came in and wheeled me into a ward, still wearing my fur coat. I had been too numbed to feel the shock but now my nerves gave way. I demanded a private room, was later taken to one and made comfortable in bed.

"Ned was planning to come back for me in three days. The doctor came in and said I'd have to remain two weeks. I didn't know the reason then. Later, outside, he told Ned that I had suffered a skull injury through the nose and that in such cases there is always danger of a fatal infection—meningitis, lockjaw or gangrene—and that it wouldn't be safe to remove me before fourteen days.

"The fortnight passed without any untoward development. On the twelfth day the doctor said: 'You may look in a mirror now if you want to.' But I didn't. Later, on the train journey back to New York, there was a lavatory mirror that couldn't be avoided. What I saw sickened me. The nose bone was smashed and the skin flattened against my face. There were ghastly scars where the lacerated bits of skin had been pieced together. I was determined not to worry. 'Poor nose,' I said, as if comforting something outside myself. Then, 'Thank God for plastic surgery.'

Fit, But Disfigured—"Three weeks after I returned home, my doctor pronounced me medically fit and horribly enough disfigured to consult a plastic surgeon. He sent me to Dr. Jacques W. Maliniak, a consummate artist whose work should bear his signature as any sculptor's in marble does. I learned that had a different procedure been followed, rather than hasty emergency treatment, I might now be finished with the experience rather than just beginning a painful, tedious and expensive repair job.

"Often skin-clips are used in a hurried closure of wounds, and they leave deep, sometimes ineradicable scars. The jagged edges of my cuts had not been trimmed to straight lines, nor was subcuticular horsehair suturing employed, according to the best plastic surgical practise. As a result, stitch-marks and tough scar-tissue that might have been avoided were in disconcerting and gruesome evidence. Also, I learned, skilled hands should have raised the crushed nasal bones and kept them in place with a special splint. What had been done now had to be undone.

Correction—"The first corrective operation was the excision of the scars, in which the jagged edges, now healed together, and the stitch-marks were cut away and the skin closed smoothly. This is a relatively painless operation under local anesthesia lasting, in my case, about an hour and a half. But it took four months for the scar tissue to soften sufficiently to proceed with the major restoration: the transplantation of a section of rib to form a new nose bone. This was a worse ordeal than I had anticipated, a trying operation under local anesthesia consisting of a six-inch body incision and the removal of four or five inches of rib. This is twice as much as is needed, but half of it is stored away under the skin for a second attempt in case the first transplantation doesn't 'take.'

"The actual transplantation into the nose is, for the patient, not uncomfortable. But it is here that the surgeon's sculptural skill is called upon. After five days I was discharged from the hospital, but it was a fortnight before the rib wound was sufficiently healed so that I could stand erect and walk without pain. By that time the bandages were removed from the nose and it usually takes from six to eight months before the swelling subsides and the nose is reduced to normal size. But actually you're presentable and can be put back in circulation about three weeks after the operation."

Cost—Fees for plastic surgery are relatively high, "cosmetic" correction being usually classified as a luxury service. Some few major hospitals have plastic surgery clinics, but these, for the most part, care only for functional disorders. Specialists usually receive their fees in advance. But to many victims of guest-passenger and other deforming injuries, plastic surgery is the one hope that they can again become employable, useful, happy citizens.

FALL HAZARDS: Let Yourself Go to Avoid Serious Injury from Accidental Tumbles

The daring young man on the flying trapeze does not fly through the air with the greatest of ease—always. Now and then he misses, pitches to a net stretched above the arena, bounces studiously and safely and thereby sets an example for the 5,000 persons who last week were injured in falls, if not for the 500 who died from them.

Circus aerialists are experts in the art of falling; most other people are not, but should be if the second greatest cause of accidental death is to be reduced. Only automobiles take a higher toll of accident victims than falls. Every month, 2,000 people die from falls, ten times that number suffer injuries. Some of these fatalities are unpreventable, such as slips from great heights, but most fatal falls are simple departures from personal perpendicularity, and three-fourths of them take place in the home.

Art—Falling without injury is an art, personal dignity the principal obstacle to becoming a virtuoso in stumbling. The first rule in falling technique is: relax whenever equilibrium is threatened. Taut muscles hold the body rigid, intensify the crash of contact; loose, springy muscles help the body to act as its own shock-absorber.

When a person turns an ankle it is usually to the outside, says the *Red Cross Courier*. Instinct tends to jerk the body back to avoid the fall. Torn ligaments or fractured bones may result. When the foot folds under, fall toward the twisted member, just as the expert motorist steers into the direction of his skid. Let the knee, hip and hand flex to absorb successive contacts with the ground; in other words, take your fall in instalments. When the hand touches the ground, don't stiff-arm it; that invites a broken arm or dislocated shoulder. Let the arm bend at the elbow and swing you down gently.

Don'ts—When you feel giddy and faint, don't try to reach a chair or sofa. Let yourself crumple where you are, and your head is less likely to crash the base of some piece of furniture.

Don't try to stand upright when a fall is inevitable; it is far better to yield to necessity. Lurching and straining to remain upright tenses the body, makes it more liable to fracture, tends to arch the spine so that the skull is more likely to make violent contact with the ground.

Don't try to get up too quickly after a fall. Stop long enough to take stock of your injuries.

Don't try to break a fall by thrusting out the arm stiffly.

Don't try to straighten up when you trip or stumble. This induces full-length contact with the ground and internal injuries sometimes result.

Skids—Slipping injuries are usually most serious to the victims, causing spinal injuries, fractured skulls, broken arms. When the feet start to slide, the *Courier* advises, squat to a sitting position on the heels and roll backward with the back well rounded and head tucked forward.

Falls, of course, can not be anticipated beyond the removal of stumbling-blocks from the home, the anchoring of slippery

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rugs, and the subjection of that skull-cracker, the cake of bathtub soap. But when falls do come, if the victim relaxes and "lets himself go" the appalling toll of this type of injury will be appreciably reduced.

PROPELLER: Success of New Single-Blade Plane Drive Astonishes Wiseacres

Quite casually, one day last week, a group of aviation engineers threw a dispatcher at Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Airport into a wild state of alarm. The engineers were seeking permission, they explained, to go up into the observation-tower to watch for a flier who was coming in with only one blade on his propeller.

"Good Lord—he'll crack up sure!" shouted the excited dispatcher, and forthwith would have scurried about for ambulances and crash-wagons, had he not been forcibly restrained long enough to receive an explanation which was itself incredible to any sane airman: the incoming flier was not in trouble; was, in fact, the inventor of a freakish-looking single-bladed propeller which hopped up his plane's speed 25 per cent. and stepped up his rate of climb by one-third.

Principle—Later, a trim Taylor Cub monoplane skimmed down on the runway, the motor died, and as the propeller became visible, astonished air-field attendants noted that half the "stick" was missing. One blade was set in a hub, but the balancing-blade, which should have extended beyond it, seemed to have been chopped off and its place taken by a stubby metal counterweight.

Out of the monoplane stepped a slender, intent young man with curly black hair. Gravely he explained the principle of the strange prop, recapitulating facts long known to aviation engineers. The leading blade of a conventional propeller cuts through undisturbed air, exerts maximum tractive power. The blade which follows causes "burble," a disturbed condition of the air which lowers efficiency. The serious young man, who introduced himself as W. W. Everts, of Baltimore, had gone straight to the heart of the problem by designing a single-blade propeller with a counterbalance. Result: complete elimination of vibration, absence of gyroscopic action, a 50 per cent. reduction in take-off run.

Variable Pitch—Everts has been working on propeller-design for eight years. Six years ago, he patented a variable-pitch screw with spring action. Four years ago, he dropped that, brought out a variable-pitch prop with manual control, two years ago patented one which was automatic with constant speed. His odd one-sided air-screw was patented last May, put through exhaustive wind-tunnel and laboratory tests, proved practical in actual flight, and, last week, given its public demonstration to confound the aviation wiseacres. Many fliers, aware that a prop which has lost half its blade or been thrown slightly out of balance can tear a motor out of its mounting, regarded the single-blade prop as a visionary's dream until they saw it with their own eyes.

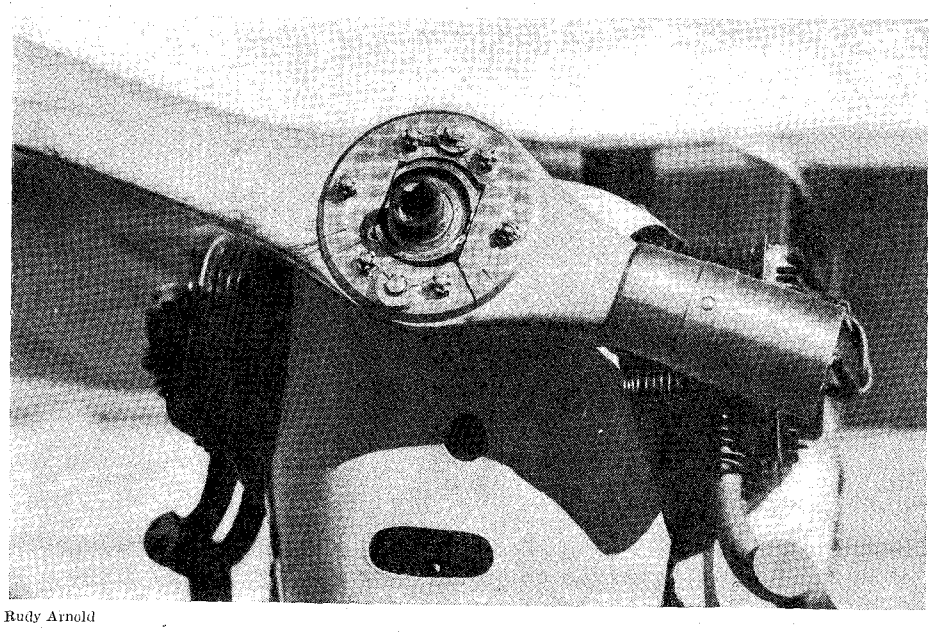
As yet, the Everts air-screw has been used only in small planes.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Male Vanity—Are men more vain of their personal appearance than women, or merely more willing to experiment with it? Either conclusion can be drawn from statistics of the Carl Zeiss organization, which has ground 3,000 contact lenses for U. S. wearers and reports the ratio of men to women customers is five to one. Contact lenses fit the eyeball invisibly, take the place of conspicuous spectacles and hence are often regarded as aids to beauty. But they are also practical, comfortable (the cup-shaped lens is cushioned against the eyeball by a saline solution), are popular with actors and actresses who shun spectacles, and have been adopted by a ship's captain bothered by sea-spray on his spectacles, a baseball player who feared glasses would betray failing vision, an Olympic ski-jumper annoyed by frosting glasses, a motorist who wished to avoid reflections in his spectacle lenses.

* * *

Alphabet—For years, schools have been teaching that our alphabet is derived from the Phenicians. Now it seems that they may have been wrong all these years. Dr. Julius J. Obermann, Professor of Semitics at Yale University, announces that a study of cuneiform alphabet writings on clay tablets unearthed six years ago at Ras Shamra, in Syria, convinces him that the people who made them used an alphabet adapted by the Greeks, to which the English alphabet is linked.



Rudy Arnold

The "impossible" achieved: a single-blade propeller proves itself in practise

Screen

"THE GOOD EARTH": Muni, Rainer Excel in M.G.M.'s Film of Buck's Chinese Drama

If the cinema is an art, as often seems doubtful and rarely seems likely, then one of its truest expressions is "The Good Earth," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's long-delayed version of Pearl Buck's novel.

Here, in the compass of two hours and a half, hewing faithfully to the novel and factually to its background, a motion-picture achieves a lasting dignity and simplicity. It is never shallow, pert nor thin, but relies instead on the grandeur of its theme and the simplest of its emotions to achieve impact.

"The Good Earth" had a frightening chance of resulting in a mess. It passed through the bewildered hands of several dozen scenarists, it grimly resisted making sense until the very last. Two directors poked cameras at it, one, the late George Hill, the other, the man who completed it: Sidney Franklin. The man who believed in it most, Irving Thalberg, died before it was finished.

Pure Cinema—If Franklin had made no other sturdy contribution to the picture, he would have merited respect for his insistence that he was making a motion-picture. Scenarists Talbot Jennings, Claudine West and Tess Slessinger wrote a script of pure cinema. Franklin directed it as such. The result is not a film about a novel about China, nor a film about a stage-play about a novel about China. It is, utterly on its own, a film that is motion-picture from beginning to end. A motion-picture, by the way, of tremendous sweep and vigor.

Photoplays, in an effort to scoop off the impertinence of the theater and the gauzy sophistication of the novel, have run a daft race with one another to mock simplicity and glorify jinkery.

Franklin and his scenarists concluded that there was a gigantic audience which had not lost sight of the emotion power in despair, hunger, sacrifice, feasting, love and passion.

The dialog, cued from the action, became deliberate, paced, at moments almost Biblical in its tone. This matched perfectly not only with the characters as written, but as played, notably by Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.

Nobility—A writer often achieves a play of nobility. Sometimes an actor, in a rôle of consequence, ennobles that rôle. On rarer occasion, a director of integrity makes that quality shine through.

A fused combination of the talents seldom is found. In "The Good Earth" the

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combination is welded together to result in an exceptional work. Thus, the picture, as Leo Mishkin writes in the New York *Morning Telegraph,* in its larger aspects "is not so much the tale of a Chinese farmer as it is of universal travail and suffering, of the joys and sorrows common to all mankind."

Two scenes in which Mr. Muni makes this universally clear are the one in which he, a naïve peasant farmer, hears a radical orator for the first time and the scene in which he excitedly tells the wife, *O-Lan,* of his scheme to enrich himself gradually by tiny, piecemeal buying of infinitesimal plots of land. She hears him with a stirring combination of patience and resignation and when he is finished she doesn't answer with words. She simply looks at him. Slowly *Wang* deflates, his enthusiasm running out at his heels. Shrugging, finally, he says: "Well . . . it seemed a good idea at first."

China Scenes—The scenes shot in China are enriching, and the picture arrives at one of its tremendously thumping moments when the camera, peering across a vast valley to a mountainside, records the exodus of thousands from the North and its bitter famine. Chinese stream down the mountainside in hunger-ridden armies, packed tight together in a common misery.

Hollywood has sought artfully and ardently to find a rôle for Mr. Muni for some years. On two occasions it almost fitted him with a part to his dimension, but not until now has he found the scope and strength his talents demand. There is no question but what his performance as *Wang* is one of the finest in the whole history of cinema.

Luise Rainer—He shares the altitude of this work with Miss Rainer, who must take rank with the outstanding actresses of all time. With little to say and that to be said quietly and almost stolidly, she, perforce, relies on pantomime through much of the picture. In the droop of one shoulder she expresses the woes of humanity. A lift of a suddenly happy face suffuses the scene with sunshine and joyousness. Her *O-Lan* is a conquest.

Together they are simple, tender, earthy and amazingly real.

Dozens of unidentified Chinese, in quick camera flashes, supply exceptional background honesty to the major performances. *Lotus,* the dancing girl, is vividly, warmly realized by Tilly Losch.

Quieter, less explosive and penetrating, but none the less completely realized are performances by Walter Connolly as the ancient uncle; Charles Grapewin, as the *Old Father.* Keye Luke and Roland Lui, in the scenes where the sons are grown, play to Mr. Muni with force tempered by the traditional Chinese sense of filial duty and humility.

No audience will long resist the thrust of the scene of the riot and looting in which *O-Lan* is swept along by the maddened horde and, suddenly, finds herself alone in the great house, sore, trampled and bruised. Her eyes light on the neglected bag of jewels and she takes them. In that scene Miss Rainer passes through the best traditions of pantomime and creates a mark for other actresses to match if they can. It will be long, with Hollywood equipped as it is now, before one does surpass her.

"The Good Earth" is a superb motion-picture.

Luise Rainer gives potent pantomime

STRAIGHT-SHOOTER:

From Uniform Folder to Director-Producer, LeRoy Scorns Posturing

There were no two ways about it—back in those days when Hollywood was a cross between a lace dickey and an old-fashioned medicine show. Any man seen abroad in Hollywood Boulevard wearing riding-breeches was a marked man. He was a motion-picture director.

To make sure that no one would mistake their calling, many directors wore their caps hind-side foremost—slung megaphones around their necks on leather thongs. But all of them would rather have been caught dead than in any style of trouser other than *breeks.*

None of these directors with a touch of "ham" realized it, but a gangling youth with hair that fell into his eyes when he worked was going to change all that. He was a nineteen-year-old ex-newsboy from San Francisco.

Uniform Folder—His obscure job in those days was that of uniform folder, which sounds as if it were about as useful a job as string-saver. Uniform folding was a necessary occupation, however, in a Hollywood which turned to the War Between the States whenever it was stuck for a theme. Unless folded and brushed nightly, the "blue" and the "gray" soon took on the appearance of dish-mops.

Mervyn LeRoy, to-day the youngest director in Hollywood, was the long-haired lad who spent his nights in the costume loft at Paramount.

LeRoy got off to a good start in life—selecting the right kind of parents. They had no objection to their son choosing his own profession. All they asked was (a) that it be respectable and (b) that he master it.

He mastered newspaper-selling by planting himself in front of the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco and making head-lines more exciting to exiting audiences than chit-chat of the show they had seen.

But a schoolmate, Clyde Cooper, sold young Mervyn the idea that they should become a vaudeville team. Their act was simple: singing and playing the piano, they called themselves "LeRoy and Cooper, Two Boys and a Piano."

In the vaudeville world, they heard about Los Angeles and motion-pictures. When the act split, LeRoy drifted southward to Hollywood, a thriving town which was just beginning to get hard-surfaced roads and permanent fire-plugs. In the Paramount studios, he got the job which has given him his lasting phobia against coat-hangers.

"I couldn't keep out of other people's work," LeRoy said in Hollywood recently. "I did my folding and hanging by night and a first-class job of pestering by day. George O'Brien and I had a room together on Vine Street. We used to worry about the rent—$20 a month.

Moon—"Finally, to keep me out of the machine shops and the scenarists's office, they made me an assistant cameraman. I got by because camera assistants don't have it too hard. William de Mille provided my first break. He wanted a diffused moon effect for 'Peg o' My Heart.' I took a kid's sand-box, painted the inside of it black, filled it with sterilized battery water and poked the beams from a spotlight into it. They called it a soft-focus moon effect. Still do."

Eventually LeRoy was pulled from cameras by Alfred E. Green, director, who needed a funny man to invent jokes for Colleen Moore's pictures. LeRoy was elected because, at lunch-time, he used to retail the newest humors. He developed a technique: he would provide gags for Miss Moore's efforts up to a certain point. Then he would trade more gags for more opportunity. Eventually he traded himself out of the joke-room into a director's chair.

Costume—"I was thin," he admits now. 'Scrawny, really. In riding-breeches, I looked like a clothes-pole in a circus tent. So I decided to wear just what I had—long pants, a flannel shirt. I had enough actor in me to dictate a certain bizarre quality to both trousers and shirt. Defensively, I began to mock directors who wore riding-breeches. It worked. The others began wearing trousers.

"But they had me when I directed 'The World Changes,' with Paul Muni. I showed up in riding-breeches one day."

LeRoy is a combination now. He is both producer and director on the Warner Brothers lot at Burbank, outside Hollywood. He gave them twelve decisive hits, and then married Doris Warner. Knowing Hollywood and its aptitude for back-fence gossip, he began to look elsewhere for work. He didn't want Hollywood to think he married the boss's daughter to get ahead. Hollywood, it seems, would forget the twelve successes he directed before he ever met Miss Warner.

In the last six months, he has financed his own producing unit within the Warner studio; his first picture as producer-director is now before the cameras as "The King and the Chorus Girl." (It has nothing whatsoever to do with either the Duke of Windsor or any of his acquaintances.)

Bungalow-Office—LeRoy works in a six-room colonial bungalow, complete with secretaries, kitchen, dining-room and private office. The office is all white—walls, ceiling, furniture and rugs. One dark

(Continued on page 24)

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"CHEAP" PAINT

"Quitting" already — after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.

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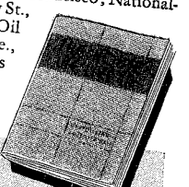

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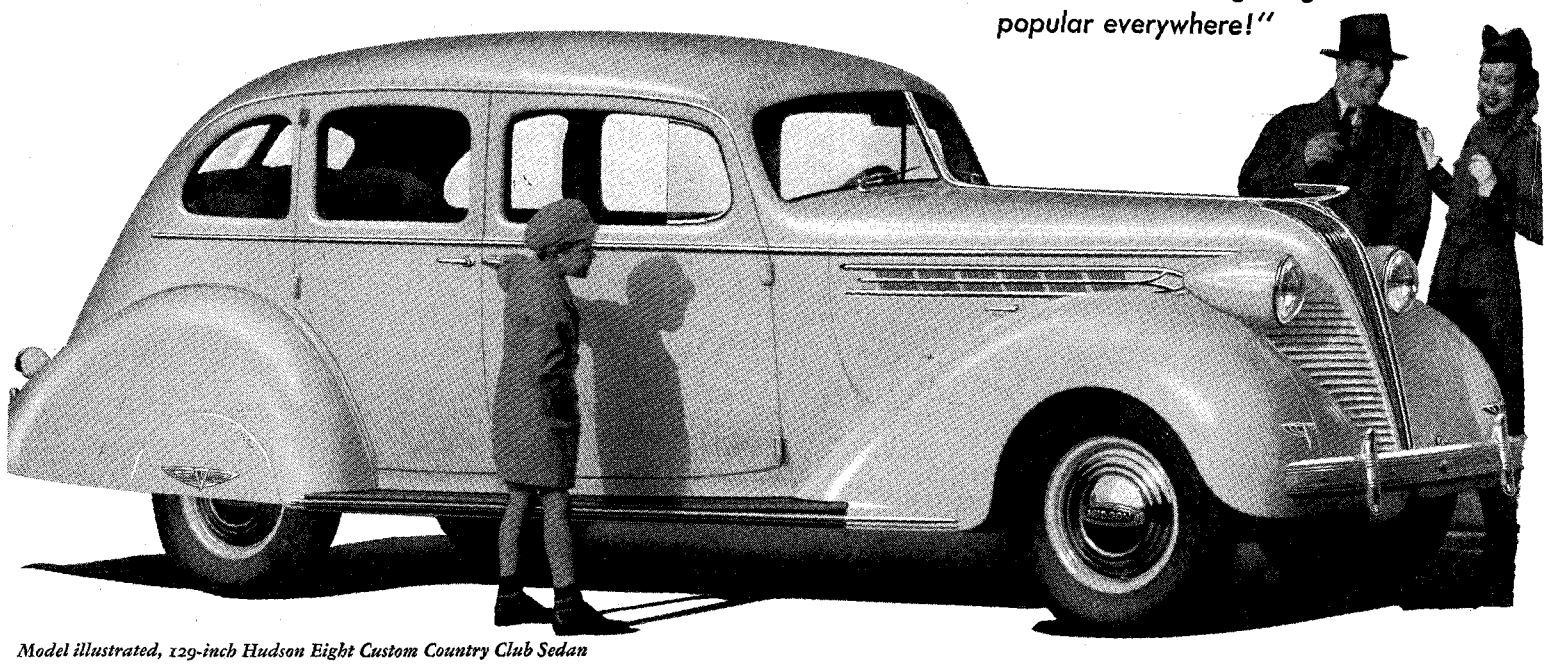
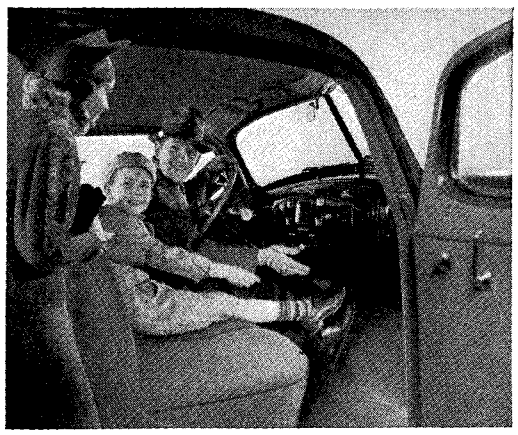
"No wonder these cars are getting more popular everywhere!"



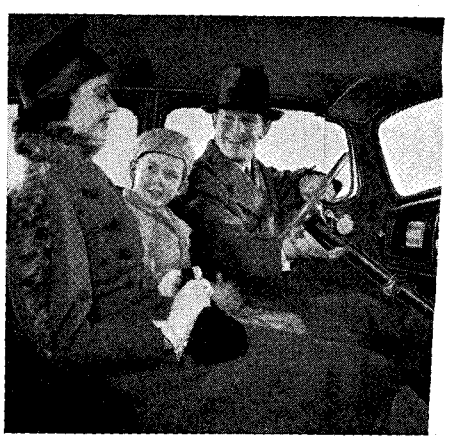
Model illustrated, 129-inch Hudson Eight Custom Country Club Sedan

TRY IT TODAY...THE GREATES

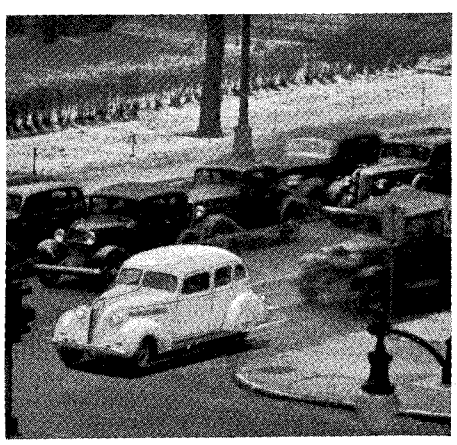
"How Beautiful!" Real praise, this! For the Thompsons found much to admire in many different 1937 cars. But here, in the Hudson and Terraplane showroom, they're face to face with truly *distinctive* style that combines *both* good looks and usefulness . . . style that sets these cars apart from all the rest they have seen.



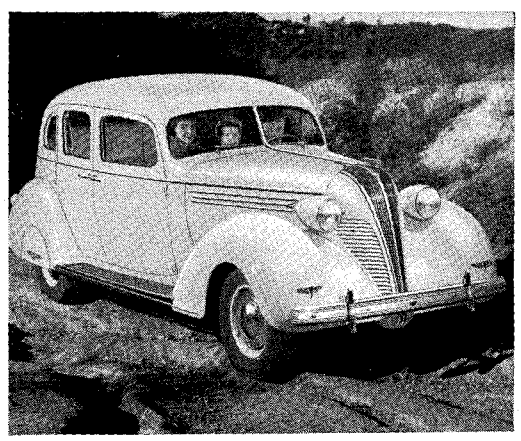
"Floor All Clear!" The youngest member of the Thompson family noticed it first. No gear shift lever in the floor! No brake lever there, either! Nothing to stumble over . . . room, at last, for all three pairs of feet! And that rear floor . . . *all level* . . . no "hump". But . . . *no gear shift lever* in front! Where, then, do gears shift? "Just wait till we start, and I'll show you," says Mr. Thompson.



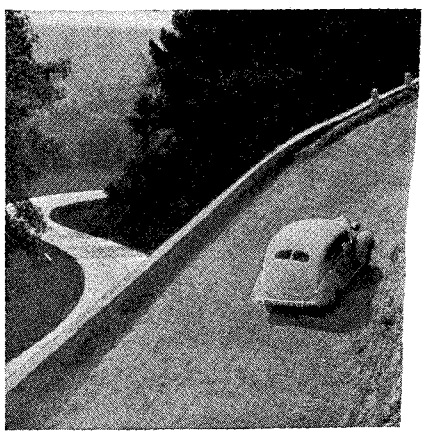
"So Much Room!" The Thompso cover that those trimly graceful e: lines surround the *roomiest interior* popular car. "Almost as wide as our port!" Mrs. Thompson exclaims as th family settles in the front seat. And sh . . . here is 55 inches of solid comfort f . . . several inches more than you'll fin front seat of any other popular car.



"What Get-Away!" And no wonder, with 96 and 101 horsepower in Terraplane . . . 101 and 107 in Hudson Six . . . 122 in Hudson Eight. Top horsepower in each price class, Mr. Thompson, with the smoothness that only Hudson and Terraplane owners enjoy. And you know you are getting top gasoline economy . . . *officially tested and certified!*



"Riding On Velvet!" Long, gentle springs are free for the first time from steering and braking strains. There is no "nosing down" when brakes are applied. Steering is amazingly easy and responsive, with new roller-tooth gears. It takes a *big car* for that "big car ride." And each of these cars is the biggest in its price class . . . 117-inch wheelbase in Terraplane, 122 and 129-inch in Hudson.



"No. 1 Performance, Too!" Th sons soon discover why Hudson-bui known as the world's greatest perforn cars. And they know the 1937 Hudson plane have already *proved* their right For, in the most punishing endura all time, these cars captured 40 officia records, certified by the American A Association. No other 1937 car has s

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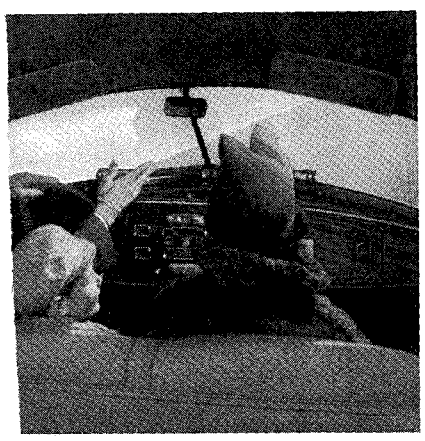
HE THOMPSONS DISCOVER THE NEW WAY TO DRIVE!

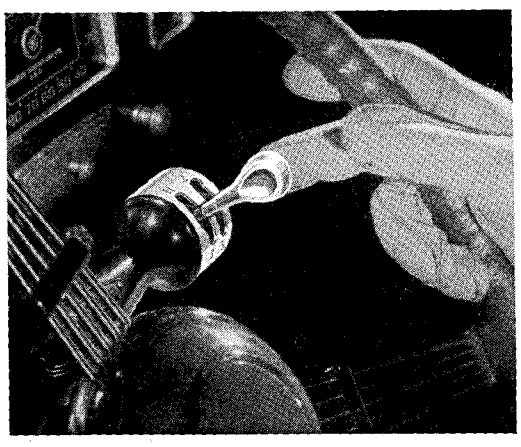
★ ★ ★

flick of a finger . . . A touch of a toe . . .
TO SHIFT! TO STOP! TO GO!

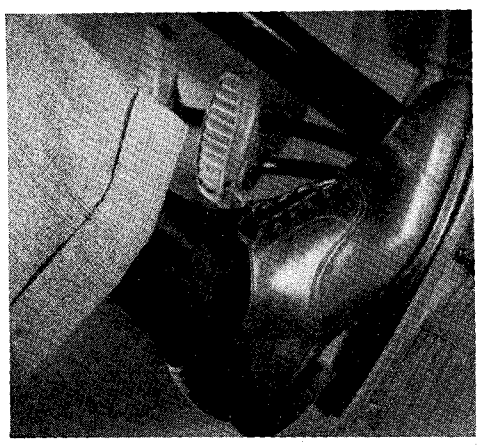
RIVING SENSATION IN YEARS!



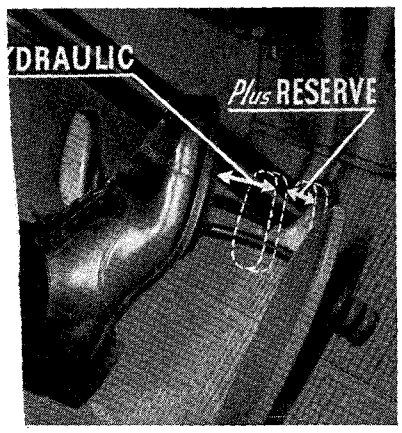
Vide Vision!" That's another im-
oint. The sloping deep-V windshield
he smartest style notes of the season.
than that. . . it is 52½ inches wide.
er of not seeing cars coming from
," says Mr. Thompson. That extra
ans a bigger driving compartment,
ehind the dash is a package locker
d roominess . . . *1002 cubic inches.*



"Presto . . . To The Gear We Want!" That's the new way. Up under the steering wheel are the same familiar gear positions. You merely flick the lever to select the gear you want. Both hands stay on the wheel. "Why there's nothing new to learn," observes Mrs. Thompson. Right! And how much easier and safer... as more than 100,000 owners will tell you, after driving over a *billion* miles this new way.



"Change-o...Gears Shift!" When you're ready to shift, you merely lift your toe from the accelerator. You control every shift, but the car does all the work . . . *automatically.* "You see," says Mr. Thompson, "I never touch the clutch at all. And did you notice how fast and smooth that shift was? The gears shifted themselves."



at Brakes!" Duo-Automatic
. . safest stopping ever built into
it, smooth hydraulic brakes . . . and
ne pedal, a separate safety braking
takes hold automatically if ever
a *third* braking system from the
g hand brake up at the instrument
s. Thompson will like the way it
inger touch.

"Greatest Ride We Ever Had!" Back at the showroom again. "Boy, what pep!" says Junior. "And isn't it a beauty!" "Did you notice how luxurious the interior is . . . what fine upholstery and fittings?" Mrs. Thompson inquires. But Mr. Thompson, where is he? Over talking to the salesman! From now on, the Thompsons are going to drive the NEW way . . . the modern way.

HUDSON
No. 1 CAR
OF THE MODERATE PRICE FIELD

TERRAPLANE
No. 1 CAR
OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD

TRY THE
NEW WAY TO DRIVE!
TODAY

at any Hudson and Terraplane dealer's. No obligation. (Selective Automatic Shift optional at small extra cost on all models.)

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piece prevents snow-blindness, his dark mahogany desk.

In his bungalow, the thirty-five-year-old director-producer helped work out the score for "The King and the Chorus Girl," drilled his assistants in the dance-steps of the picture. With his hair flopping into his eyes, he showed an astonished staff how to do the *cancan*. (He intends to revive the old shocker for one sequence.) And altho no one knew how it was done when he ordered it, a charwoman in the studio, an ex-dancer from the '90s, told him she had never done it better herself.

"I can direct as I like these days," LeRoy said, putting matches to a giant cigar which refused to light. "Maybe I always could. But now I can produce as I like, too. And any director worth four cents of an audience's time, must be as much a producer as a director.

Story First—"But everything depends on my writers. Directors may be an important factor in putting a story across. But writers come first. It's the story that makes the picture. Without perfection in the scenario, stars and the director are just out for the exercise.

"I've learned a few things directing with other people's money which I intend to make use of, now that I'm spending my own. First, there is no such thing as a 'woman's' picture or a 'man's' picture. Men and women divide equally as factors controlling the box-office.

"Another, too many directors are afraid of the boy-meets-girl formula. What's wrong with that story? Adam met Eve; *Romeo* met *Juliet;* my dad met my mother. It's a swell formula and well within public policy. The only public policy I give a damn about is good pictures. If I make a bad one, I've flopped. And there is no excuse that will stand up.

"There is agitation against large film salaries right now. Depression, when most of the people didn't have any money, probably started that. But large salaries are fair. They are not exorbitant when it is realized that the life of a star's popularity is pathetically short."

LeRoy has one fixation about acting: an actor should act from the heart and not the brain. He feels, however, that the heart theme can become sloppy unless rigidly disciplined.

Without riding-breeches (usual): LeRoy outlines "Anthony Adverse" scene to Anita Louise

He turned bitterly on spectacle pictures which are all scenery and have no satisfying meat.

"I know a man who wanted to spend three million dollars on a lot of painted scenery and people the cast with ten stars. Fortunately, it was suggested that he find a story to bolster the production. You can't photograph three million dollars. You've got to have a plot to go with it."

Whimsy—LeRoy has a crotchet. In one scene in every picture he uses an object given to him by a friend. A cigarette-lighter given to him by Irving Thalberg was used in a close-up, a ring given to him by his wife was shown in another picture. Sometimes he uses personal objects to get laughs from audiences.

"Sometimes it works, sometimes not," he explained. "I don't know why people laugh. I wish I did. An onion can make anybody cry, but I've never found a vegetable that was a sure-fire laugh."

With riding-breeches (unusual): Mervyn LeRoy directs Paul Muni in "The World Changes"

Reputation—His reputation is that his experiences in vaudeville and as a jokesmith for Miss Moore give his pictures a soundness not apparent in pictures made by other directors. He was to have been the director for the famed "42nd Street" and actually sat down with the scenarists and worked out splash production scenes with them. Later, he had to jam through another picture, and "42nd Street" went to another director. But LeRoy's ideas remained.

He likes best of his own pictures "Five Star Final," admits ruefully that "Tugboat Annie" and "Anthony Adverse" made much more money than his favorite. For "Anthony Adverse," he drove friends and family almost crazy. He bought dozens of copies of the book ripped them apart page by page, pasted the sheets up on walls. His study, his bedroom, even his dining-room were plastered with pages from the book. He read them over and over for months before starting cameras. In addition to which, he read the book through, cover to cover (no skipping!), five times. "It was enough reading for a lifetime!" he reports.

Dislike—He has an actor's dislike for posturing on the part of others, a successful man's contempt for bootlicking by those around him.

When a secretary came in, reported "The sketches for the bedchamber scene in the castle are here," LeRoy asked:

"In blue?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you like them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think they'd look better pink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look," said LeRoy, the cigar finally lighted. "Don't 'yes' me. I can 'yes' myself—cheaper."

There was no earthquake in Hollywood at that moment. The earth didn't shudder. But it should have.

The man who had done away with riding-breeches for directors was not in favor of yes men.

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SON'S BIOGRAPHY OF PAUL GAUGUIN

Factual History Woven Through Business, Artistic Career

In 1919, W. Somerset Maughan published "The Moon and Sixpence," the story of a stock-broker who threw his career to the winds, cut loose from his wife and children, and sailed away to Tahiti, because he discovered he could paint.

The world in general, and critics of the time in particular, seized upon the book as a romanticised biography of Paul Gauguin. Gauguin had been a bank clerk and a stock-broker; he had burned with the desire to paint after he had become established in his financial career; he had separated—tho he maintained friendly relations—from his wife and child. And eventually he did arrive in Tahiti, where he painted his best-known pictures. All the pieces fitted in the colorful jigsaw puzzle of Gauguin's remarkable life.

Because the reading public knew Gauguin the painter only through the character in the novel, much as the same public swept Van Gogh into recent popularity through his fictional biography "Lust for Life," Gauguin's friends and relatives have always felt that the complete story, denuded of romantic fancy and melodrama, should be told.

Son's Story—His son, Pola, has done just that in "My Father Paul Gauguin" (Knopf), weaving the story with a lack of passion that few close friends could summon. Not once does he plead a case for his father. But by including the painter's own letters, written during the years of separation, Gauguin himself proves he was not the complete, ruthless, selfish scoundrel the world has believed him to be. Unfortunately, "The Moon and Sixpence" makes better popular reading than the factual biography, so that the labor of love and correction may prove vain.

Gauguin actually started to draw, according to his son, in 1874, soon after marriage to his young Danish bride, Mette. She was surprized to see how well he got on, for he had never shown any interest in that direction. With his friend and coworker in the bank, Emile Schuffenecker, Gauguin began to visit galleries, and occasionally sketch classes. His son asserts he had, at that time, no conscious artistic aim.

His drawing was merely amusing relaxation, an intellectual game which stimulated and fascinated him, after a day devoted to the dry task of following investments on change.

Acceptance—His ability, however, did please his vanity. Two years after he had started to draw, he submitted a painting to the Salon, and got it accepted. It was a careful, workmanlike landscape, that attracted no undue attention. It gave him no right to call himself an artist rather than a financier.

When Gauguin, by chance, met Camille Pissarro, the pattern of his life began to change in earnest. In reality, Gauguin began leading two lives and playing for high stakes in both of them. Financially, he was lucky. He made better than 40,000 francs in one year, and with this as a stake, began to buy pictures. He acquired an excellent collection of Manet, Renoir, Degas, Sisley, Cezanne and Pissarro.

It soon became clear to Gauguin that if he were to continue his career as an artist, which he was firmly determined to do, it would force him out of the life and relations in which he had been living. To get a firm artistic footing, he decided he would have to go it alone. But never did he believe that that state would be permanent. He thought it was a transitional phase of his life, in which he would find himself and what he wanted to do with his painting ability. That accomplished, the family would be reunited. "There was no question of breach with

Paul Gauguin . . . a self-portrait

his family; he would maintain contact with them, they were a part of his ego and they had a place in all his future prospects."

Leaves Europe—The family went to Gauguin's wife's parents in Denmark, and Gauguin went to Arles to paint with Van Gogh. Tho they were never united for long again, there were many visits back and forth. Gauguin sailed to America, and painted in Martinique for a while. Working his way back to Europe as a sailor, he visited the family in Denmark—the principal recollection the author has of his father. Gauguin tried painting in Paris again, but soon became restless.

Again he sailed west and eventually arrived in Tahiti.

His development of style is carefully traced, and to one familiar only with the later South Seas pictures the book should prove valuable. Like the transference from finance to art, and the break with his family, the development of his style was gradual and painful, and the son has made a careful and understanding tracework of it.

But tho he wrote to his wife constantly, reported his improvements, and even sent paintings to her from wherever he happened to be, she could never understand his art.

For many years there were many like her.

He died with almost no reward for his painting and as little recognition. But his bright canvases had an unforgettable quality of their own, and stand in the history of art as mile-stones.

Pola Gauguin depends heavily on his father's own journals, which in their own way indicted him as an opportunist. But here, they lend a color and vividness to the biography that the son himself refrained from giving to a character that is as mythical to him as it is to the world.

FORGOTTEN ROOM: De Chirico Designs New, More-Purpose American Dining-Room

Decorators have just upset their own carefully-piled-up apple-cart. For years they have been chanting a refrain: "Buy a picture to conform with the furniture and general decoration of your room." Last week, they broke the rule themselves.

For their first exhibition this year they summoned Giorgio De Chirico and asked him to design a room to fit his pictures. The Italian painter, born in Greece, decided, after a three-month stay in America, that dining-rooms were the forgotten rooms in American life. So he decided to plunge in his initial attempt as a decorator and furniture-designer, and play evangelist for the lost dining-room cause.

Using five of his paintings — one straightforward portrait, the others his typical neo-Greek goddesses, columns and classical horses—De Chirico created a dining-room that was to be used for more purposes than ordinary dining. He wants to wean Americans away from their—to his eyes, uncivilized—custom of rushing into the dining-room at the last minute, and leaving it immediately the meal is finished. De Chirico wants Americans to lounge in a dining-room, sip cocktails before the meal, and drink their after-dinner coffee there too. For that purpose, he has created comfortable chairs and couches, and a room that is livable and warm in feeling.

Blends—For the walls he concocted a new shade of red, a rusty-brownish tone. The table, chairs, comfortably-upholstered couch and fireplace he painted white, with black designs. The rug and curtains are black.

Ultramodern in feeling, it bears no relation to the typical American dining-room, which generally offers no more than a table, sideboard and a few straight, back-breaking chairs.

For the corner bar, the painter was inspired by one of his own canvases, in which he had painted cabinets called Mysterious Baths. It is a tall cabinet with exposed shelves above, a cupboard below, surrounded by a semicircular platform with a railing of white wooden posts and heavy white rope.

Draped around the top hang small, triangular yachting flags, painted blue, white and black.

Altho the room is far more comfortable than many dining-rooms seen here, visitors were a little disconcerted by the unique

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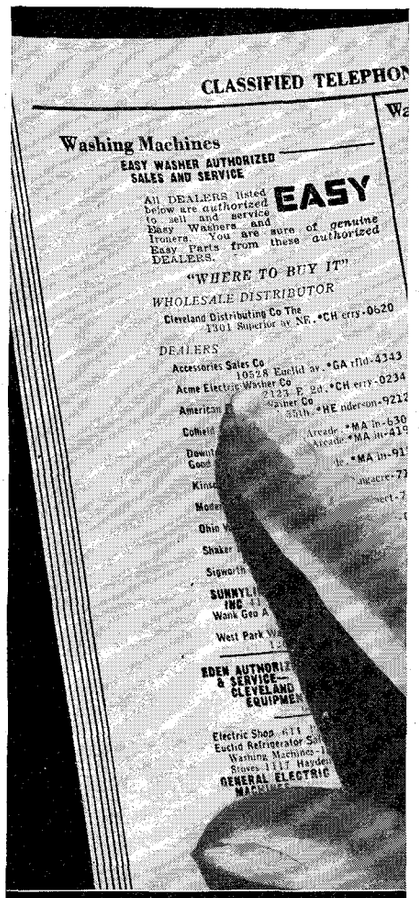


It's polite to point -when you want what you want in a hurry!

Pick up your telephone directory. Turn to the 'yellow pages.' Then point, point, point—to the plumber, the auto service station, the refrigerator dealer and any other dealer whom you want.

Yes, your pointing finger and your telephone save time for a busy buyer.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

color scheme. Practical mothers envisioned attempting to keep the white upholstery white, children's hands and climbing feet being what they are. Nor is it an ordinary man's idea of a place to down a soft-boiled egg and breakfast coffee before running for the morning train.

One male commuter doubted whether he would ever be up to the task.

De Chirico, pleased with his first attempt, will continue to dabble in furniture-design and interior decoration from time to time. Every piece he creates, like the *dining-room furniture*, will be signed by the same scroll that identifies his paintings, and cost in proportion to the name.

NEW BOOKS: Washington Intrigue Forms Vanderbilt Plot; Harem Management Portrayed

A Woman of Washington. By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (New York: E. P. Dutton; $2.) 282 pages.

"You couldn't see me after your gallop?"

An attractive woman of Washington was speaking to *a famous Senator* in Rock Creek Park, where all Washingtonians who matter gallop every morning.

But the *Senator* was firm; if the lady had anything to say, she could say it then or not at all. So she talked, and as a result *Senator Harrow* arose that day before an astonished, crowded Senate to denounce his own bill regulating public utilities.

Starting with this improbability, the widely-traveled, ex-social light Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., concocts a lively tale of intrigue in the National Capitol. "A Woman of Washington" is a good love-story with an authentic, if not too sharply drawn, diplomatic background.

Wheel-Horse—*William W. Harrow* was sixty-two to a day when he became *Senator*. He hadn't expected such an honor—it was really sudden. As a party wheel-horse, he'd worked hard to elect the "regulars" for years. Then one day the new *Senator* died of heart disease and old *Bill Harrow* was sent to Washington to serve out the term.

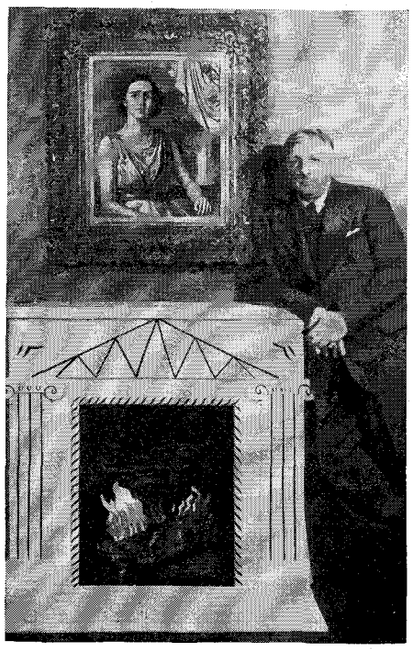
It didn't take old wheel-horse *Harrow* long to get his feet on the ground. He wanted to end the abuses of public utilities and he knew how to do it. He framed a bill, the committee reported favorably on it, and he was scheduled to speak for it, on the most momentous day of his life.

But for his wife, Washington wasn't so easy a place to get settled in. She wanted to be a member of the diplomatic set and as the hick spouse of a "jackass" *Senator* she wasn't eligible. Nobody cared about *Mrs. William W. Harrow*.

Dream Realized—One day her dreams were realized. The *Harrows* were invited to a party by the exclusive *Mrs. Joan Glenarm*—one day before *Senator Harrow's* bill was to go to the Senate floor. "We've got to go," said the prairie wife to the reluctant *Senator*. "Just think of *Jim*. We owe it to him."

The *Senator* thought of *Jim*, but he still didn't want to go. After all, *Jim* was over twenty-one. He was a good son, and he'd been working very successfully in Washington.

But the *Senator's* objections were overruled. On the stroke of 10:30 that night, the three *Harrows* presented themselves



Giorgio De Chirico turns the tables . . . designs room to fit pictures

at the home of *Mrs. Joan Glenarm*. It was a brilliant party, but to *Jim Harrow* it was just an opportunity, for he was desperately in love with *Mrs. Joan Glenarm's* secretary and ward, *Constance Bacon*. Now he could dance with her, and maybe, if he could screw up courage, ask her to marry him. If not then, pretty soon.

Intrigue—As *Jim* danced, tongue-tied, and his father sat uncomfortably, dark forces were working through *Mrs. Joan Glenarm*. When she spoke to *Senator Harrow* next morning in the park, she was the voice of the utilities. To the bewildered man she revealed a dread secret. The utilities planned to sell their own stocks short, if the *Harrow* bill passed. They'd make between ten and fifteen million dollars. Was that the way *Harrow* intended to help the poor?

It wasn't. *Harrow* appeared before an astonished Senate to denounce and filibuster his own bill. Then things began to happen. In two minutes he was branded a tool of the utilities; in two hours, his embittered cousin tried to kill him. But thanks to *Constance Bacon*, this state of affairs wasn't to last. By telling the truth, the *Senator's* name was cleared, the bill passed, and the wedding-bells rang.

"A Woman Of Washington" is a thoroughly readable light romance, written by a correspondent from the Capitol who can include more realism and inside story than the average fictioneer.

* * *

The Harem. By N. M. Penzer. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott; $6.) 277 pages.

While sophisticated Broadwayites gape with astonishment at their current hit, "The Women," full of the weaker sex tearing viciously at one another, the proverbial Sultan yawns with boredom. In his time, things were different. Then women were women. Those were the good old days.

In "The Harem," N. M. Penzer portrays the good old days when harems were harems. In this complete study of Turkish Sultans and their many wives, author Penzer includes stories that make the backbiting Broadway's "The Women" seem like pink tea.

Back when the Sultans flourished, from

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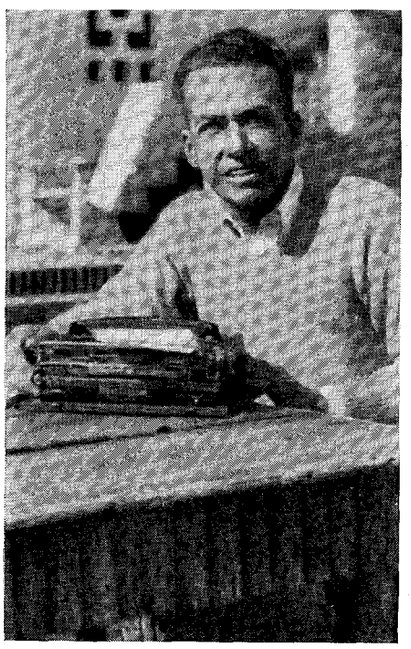
the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, at least five hundred women lived in a gorgeous palace, surrounded by every luxury, and were usually bored stiff. For want of amusement, the girls established elaborate social degrees that make modern Civil Service distinctions elementary. Head of their order and most widely hated was the Queen, who was a special favorite of the Sultan and mother of the legitimate heir to the throne. There was only one Queen, but there were numerous Sultanas, depending on how wide-spread the King's favors were. If he liked six of his courtesans equally, all six might be established in the superluxury of a Sultana, with private apartments and attendants of the highest value.

Ambition—Of course every inmate of the harem wanted to be a Sultana, but she felt pretty lucky if she worked her way up to being a mistress, or *usta*, without being damaged by her sisters. The mistresses lorded it over the *kadins*, lowest of the harem inhabitants to have servants of their own. Below the *kadins* were the newcomers to the profession, most of them young, who had to work for long years learning coquetry and manners before they could even hope to catch the Sultan's eye.

Any mere girl who succeeded in engaging the Sultan's attention felt lucky. If the Sultan favored her with a summons in the form of a handkerchief or a note she immediately dashed to the Wardrobe, explained to the Mistress of the Robes that she didn't have a thing to wear, and was promptly outfitted, with no expenses spared. Properly outfitted, she pranced about impatiently until orders came for her to proceed, under escort, to the Sultan's palace.

Secrecy—The whole process of selection was done with the utmost secrecy, for no mere man, tho he was called emperor, ever felt completely safe about a harem. Once the news got around that some lowly girl had been awarded the royal handkerchief, indignation ran high. "What's she got that I haven't got?" the *kadins*, *ustas*, and Sultanas would complain to one another.



Acme

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., gives an authentic diplomatic background to a romantic tale

The Sultan was usually cowed by his mother, because to the royal Turk every day was Mothers' day. She was the one person sacred to him, and to her capable hands were entrusted all the ministrations of the harem. Usually the Sultan's mother ruled with an iron hand. The girls did all their complaining and digging on the side, but it didn't fool their chief overseer. She knew. She had been one of them.

Out of Hand—Occasionally the harem, under the Sultan's mother, got completely out of hand. In the fifteenth century the harem seized control of the affairs of Turkey and ruled for one hundred and fifty years to its own satisfaction.

The Sultans' mothers, one after another, ruled their sons with an iron hand—well concealed under perfumed silk. The matriarchs would indulge their sons' slightest whims, and so busy did the boys become with their amusements that the mothers ran the kingdom without the slightest interference. Now and then, bold citizens would murmur about taxes—one Sultan levied a tax of ambergris and sable on the poor populace. This was one too many. The people, gently as they could, informed their dissipated ruler they couldn't pay such a tax, and what was more, they were tired of his foolishness. Ibrahim, royal Turk, withdrew the request.

Price—During the Reign of Women, the price of slave girls went up enormously. So greedy did the Sultans become for a new face every night that they forced the price of slaves beyond the reach of their richest subjects. Now and then, some mother would put a lunatic son on the throne to free herself from any restraint while she ruled. When this happened, the Sultan usually found himself the object of a conspiracy by the harem. No longer were the days dull in the ladies' quarters. They plotted away happily. As often as not, the Sultan found out their little schemes, and killed his ex-favorites. On one such occasion, three hundred harem beauties went to their death in the Bosporus in a single drowning.

Since this was risky business, the beauties of the Sultan usually contented themselves with plotting against one another. In their hothouse they would sit, thinking up ways to bring the royal wrath down on some unlucky girl. When a favorable moment came, they would whisper to the Sultan that a certain "party" was not to be trusted, she wasn't faithful. And the believing Sultan would usually have a stone-filled bag tied around the girl's neck by evening. Into the Bosporus she was pushed.

Guards Necessary—As Sultans came to collect more and more women under one roof they found the girls so difficult to handle that guards were necessary to keep them in check. But regular soldiers only made matters worse. What should be done? The solution adopted—eunuch slaves both black and white—proved no real answer. The eunuchs were not as harmless as the Sultans hoped, and plots grew just as thickly as before. White eunuchs proved an unusually bad investment, and the blacks were so cruel and treacherous that frequent stranglings were necessary.

Until the bitter end of 1909, when the population overthrew the Sultan and all he stood for, the difficulties continued. For the last twenty-seven years, no royal Turks have faced the problem of handling five hundred women—much to their intense relief.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

abbey.—"W. A. W.," Laurelton, N. Y.—The *first abbey* was founded A. D. 372 by St. Martin, three kilometers from Tours on the site of the present commune of Sainte Radegonde. The *first abbey* on *British soil* was founded at Bangor in 560.

call.—"J. C.," San Francisco, Calif.—According to the dictionary, the correct prepositions to use with the verb *call* are as follows: "Call *to* a passer-by; call *after* one who is departing or fleeing; call *on* or *upon* a friend, or *at* his house; call *on* or *upon* one *for* aid or service; call *upon* the country *for* troops; he is called *by* the name of Lincoln, *after* the great emancipator; his integrity has never been called *in* question."

Melissa.—"A. R.," New York City.—The original *Melissa* was a fabled nymph who is said to have given to man the art of keeping bees. From her Greek name came the Latinized word *melisse*, meaning "a sweetener," as honey used for sweetening things.

Milquetoast.—"R. J.," Omaha, Neb.—The name *Milquetoast* (a playful spelling of *milk toast)* is the name of the principal character in a comic, "The Timid Soul," run every Sunday (and sometimes during the week) in *The New York Herald Tribune*. *Casper Milquetoast* is always represented as a spineless person, lacking in firmness and resolution, and easily intimidated. It is probable that the cartoonist, H. T. Webster, gave his character the name *Milquetoast* (milk toast) in allusion to the general flaccidity of toast soaked in milk.

regime, regimen.—"R. S. R.," Los Gatos, Calif.—In medical literature, *regime* has been used in place of *regimen*. The preferred usage, however, is *regimen*, meaning "a systematic course of diet, etc., to improve or preserve health, or to attain some effect, as reduction of flesh."

speciality, specialty.—"H. B.," Nampa, Idaho.—These words should not be confounded. *Speciality* is the state or quality of being special; *specialty* is an employment to which one is specially devoted, an article in which one specially deals, or the like.

Uncle Sam; Brother Jonathan.—"D. V. R.," Bloomfield, N. J.—*Brother Jonathan* is the older appellation. It was applied first by American Loyalists from 1776 to 1783, as a term of derision, to the Patriots; later the term was used generally to indicate any country bumpkin. Jonathan Trumbull (1710-85), governor of Connecticut from 1769 to 1783, was a close friend of General Washington, frequently consulted by him, and often addressed by him as *Brother Jonathan*. The term *Uncle Sam* appears to have arisen about 1813, and was presumably a jocular extension of the initials *U. S.*

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AYLESWORTH JOINS SCRIPPS-HOWARD

Publishers Active in Broadcasting Field, FCC Permits Show

Wide World

Aylesworth: his ideas built up broadcasting

From the Colorado Public Service Commission to the National Broadcasting Company ($45,180 a year) to Radio-Keith-Orpheum to the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. So the career of one of America's most dynamic executives, Merlin H. Aylesworth, shows the rise of radio in the business world to a point where newspaper publishers, instead of fighting the once baby competitor, are now trying to control it.

At Robert P. Scripps's Miramar Ranch near San Diego last week, Aylesworth's joining in the management of the newspaper chain was welcome news to the other executives: Scripps, Roy Howard, William W. Hawkins, George B. Parker, William G. Chandler, John H. Sorrells and Paul Patterson. "No special reference to radio" in Aylesworth's new job was seen by the canny Scripps.

Keystone

Preradio: EXTRAS made big money

Radio Chain—Already his chain owns four stations, has applications pending in Washington for four more. Continental Radio, Scripps-Howard's broadcasting subsidiary, has been quietly laying down expansion plans for months, has former United Press President Carl Bickel as President. Many Scripps-Howard papers have contracts with local stations, supplying news that helps sell papers.

William Randolph Hearst even earlier woke to the newspaper opportunity in radio. Besides his twenty-five newspapers, the San Simeon publisher owns ten radio stations through Hearst Radio, Inc., four through California Radio System. His broadcast units are sprinkled through the nation, potentially reach 13,000,000 people, while Scripps-Howard so far is confined to the South and Cincinnati.

Besides the two big chains, newspaper publishers in large and small cities have begun a flank attack on radio competition by getting control of 184 of the some 685 licensed stations in the nation. The Kansas City *Star* has two stations, controlling red and blue network outlets of the National Broadcasting Company. The Atlanta *Journal* controls two stations, the Chicago *Tribune* owns WGN.

Half the applications pending for new stations or transfers are from newspapers.

Threat—Alarmed at growing newspaper control of radio, Montana Sen. Burton K. Wheeler has been crying in Washington: "A threat to free speech and free press!" He has pointed at possible control of news by one-sided newspapers as in the last Presidential campaign, viewed with alarm the plight of the advertiser of the future being forced to take both newspaper and air advertising. Sentiment in the Capital to limit press domination of broadcasting, even to forbid newspapers to own radio stations, blossomed strongly as Congress opened its session.

The reason for the alarm: Any one can start a newspaper in any city, limited only by competition. But clogged air-waves mean that the number of radio stations is necessarily controlled by the Federal Communications Commission.

In ten years, metropolitan daily papers have dropped 90 per cent. of their extras. Radio news has killed the spot extras. Flashes from loud-speakers have left newspapers to fill in with details and pictures . . . altho total newspaper circulation has continued climbing.

News Source—To get their news, broadcasters in the early days nonchalantly read from the columns of daily papers, later took wire-service flashes. When newspapers rebelled at giving news, the broadcasters found themselves with an independent news service—Transradio, which still serves 300 stations.

The publishers relented. All four wire services chipped in with free news (Associated Press, United Press and Hearst's International and Universal Services), James Barrett, ex-City Editor of the old New York *World,* started in as Editor, and the Press-Radio Bureau of the publishers began giving two five-minute news reports, plus bulletins, to NBC and Columbia Broadcasting System, which bear the cost with a dozen other stations.

Later, the United Press and International News Service decided they could sell news to broadcasters, even allowing them to retail the news on a sponsored program (Press-Radio news can not be sponsored by an advertiser). The Associated Press permits its member papers who own stations to use AP news on the air.

Topics in Brief

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT transferred its gold to Fort Knox, Kentucky, with a fanfare of secrecy.—*Atlanta Journal.*

GAS MASKS designed for civilians in war make humanity look as much like an ass as going to war proves we are.—*Dallas News.*

IF THERE had been drunken driving in the days of the Ten Commandments, there would have been eleven.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

IT'S A LONG TIME since Trotzky lived in New York, but he still knows how to give the Russian conspiracy trials the Bronx cheer.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

QUITE UNLIKE the preceding one was the recent inauguration. This time the busting banks were along the tributaries of the beautiful Ohio.—*Portland Oregonian.*

PROBABLY he is not connected, in spite of what Mr. Sloan may think, with the Lewis Auto Wrecking Co., 178 Lewis Street, OR 4-5082.—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

MUSSOLINI, saying democracy is done for, alleges this is a day of dominant personalities. Some folks are mean enough to say that he was alluding to a certain influential Italian.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

GEOLOGISTS refer to a time when the entire Mississippi Valley was submerged. Like many other scientific reminders, this one has no particular value in an immediate flood crisis.—*Washington Star.*

EASTPORT FOLKS, who were fooled by the Quoddy project, just can't learn. Somebody said a cargo of jugs filled with rum had come ashore on Campobello, and they all went over!—*Boston Globe.*

CHAP IN INDIANA found a penny. Threw it at a window. Bounced back and hit him in the eye. Sore. Threw darned thing at a tree. Bounced again, nicking his best front tooth. Now demands law of diminishing returns be enforced.—*Daily Worker (New York).*

A WASHINGTON MAN, who was clinically dead for five minutes, said afterward that he "floated into a warm, friendly place." Our personal fear, however, is that in our case the emphasis might be more on the warmth than the friendliness.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

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ART OF FORGETTING: MAGIC FORMULA

Barton Attributes Booms, Bull Markets to Facile Memory

"I wish I lived on a desert island!"

Some such grumble rumbles daily from the throats of harried housewives and clock-punching business men as the sun sets on another mortal day. In reality, it expresses no genuine yearning for *Odysseus's* land of lotus-eaters. What the average man wants is only an escape from the petty cruelties and disillusionments of daily routine—the inevitable tilts with other mortals.

To-day, psychologists will tell him that some of that magic lotus is right under his hat, also that scores of fellow Americans have found it. It's the art of forgetting; and all it amounts to, really, is the reverse English of memory. In fact, some psychologists find it as important as the art of memory.

Groucho Marx facetiously shows how effective it can be in his gag: "I never forget a face—but I'm going to make an exception in your case!"

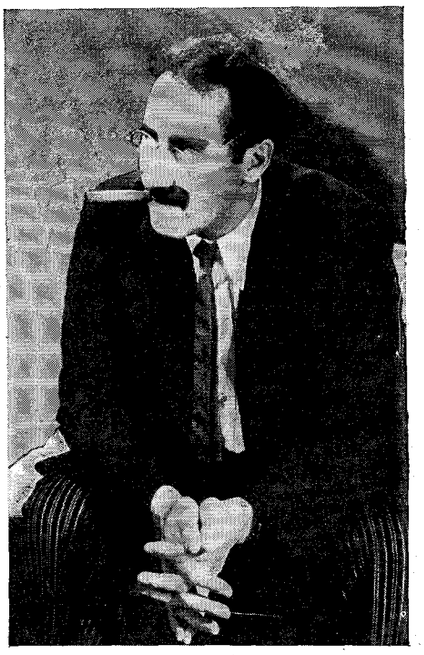
Cartoonists burlesque it in the favorite standby which pictures a disconsolate French *Legionnaire* who has forgotten what he joined up to forget.

Memory Relief—One of the most famous men in America constantly sends himself post-cards, occasionally notes. In this way he relieves his memory of unnecessary details. In his pocket he carries a few postals addressed to his office. "I was with him one threatening day," said Dorothea Brande, the author, "when he looked out the restaurant window, drew a card from his pocket and wrote on it. Then he threw it across the table to me with a grin. It was addressed to himself at his office, and said: 'Put your raincoat with your hat.' At the office he had other cards addressed to himself at home."

A thorough believer in this art, noted mental builder-upper, Dale Carnegie last week declared he found it just as necessary to practise forgetting as memorizing. For instance, he pointed out, if you have an unpleasant letter to write or an unpleasant interview to give, do it quickly—get it off your mind without procrastination. When mastered, too, the art has its advantages. There's the man who prepares his speech, then forgets it deliberately because it is easier to extemporize.

Too Much Trouble—The late George W. Wickersham, the lawyer, usually wrote out his speeches for the newspapers; but since it was too much trouble to remember them, or because he was incapable of remembering them, he would get up and say whatever entered his head.

The average person already has a good working basis for forgetting, in the automatic processes of the mind, and most all psychologists agree on the rules for its development.

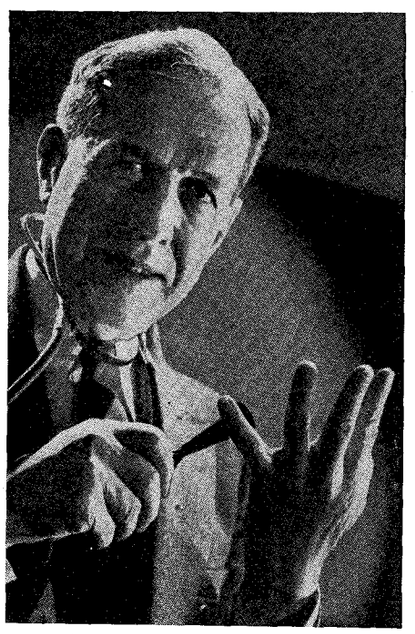


According to Groucho Marx, forgetting a face depends on the face

It works out like this: the mind exercises a subconscious selective process, removing or repressing impressions negative to its personality. By a conscious disciplining of this selectivity, the mind can control the flow of painful pictures and squelch them before they can implant themselves in the storehouse of memory.

All the psychological factors involved

How the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on *every* point listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You'll find that it *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V27, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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Acme

Doctor Adler forgets so he can solve problems . . .

in memory are here at play. In the memory process a stimulus affects a sense organ and nervous impulses pass to the brain. The nervous connections are made by the association neurones which function similar to a central office of an automatic telephone system.

Fundamental—As the two fundamental conditions which determine memory are depth of impression and strength of association, it follows that feebleness of impression and failure of association entail obliviscence or forgetting.

First professional forgetter was St. Paul, who in Philippians says he forgets "the things which are behind" by "stretching forward to the things which are before." And a Greek philosopher carried this farther by stating that he would rather master the art of forgetting than that of memory.

Bruce Barton once asked a friend what his thoughts were upon lying down to sleep. "I used to be loaded with worries," he said, "but I discovered a magic formula for forgetting—by conjuring up scenes from my childhood." General Grant's physician soothingly administered this formula when the great man was dying in New York. Grant's face smoothed out and he was able to fall into a gentle sleep.

Barton, recalling this, wrote: "We quickly forget adversity, and the result of our forgetting is that booms and bull markets follow fast upon the heels of depression, only to be just as inevitably succeeded by new depressions."

Forgetting—Psychologists lately have been devoting considerable inquiry to the quirks of mind involved in forgetting. Strange are the case histories that fill their record books. A man whose sweetheart was killed, swore he never would marry. He felt that the incident had made an indelible impression on his mind. But he did forget. His powers of recuperation had cleared his mind. He married and had children. Years later, tho he remembered the accident and its circumstances, he could not remember where it had taken place or what hospital the girl had been taken to.

Dr. A. A. Brill, famed translator of Dr. Sigmund Freud, tells of a man who tried to hang himself, was cut down. Revived, he wouldn't believe he had attempted to take his life till he saw abrasions on his neck. Doctor Brill, a mild, genial specialist in psychoanalysis, believes that a state of real forgetfulness is organic in nature; in the average person, it is a deliberate subconscious activity. To him, the absent-minded professor does not exist as such, but as a man who forgets because he wants to forget. And for good reason: He has more important things on his mind than his umbrella, gaiters or necktie.

Brill inclines to the belief that forgetfulness can not be controlled; he thinks that it works automatically as a protective mechanism. An old man will vividly remember the past when he took an active part in life; but he will not remember what he had for lunch now that he is out of the active picture of things. Young folks, on the other hand, will find it hard to sleep, because they can't forget the day's activities.

Removing—Dr. Alfred Adler, eminent Viennese psychologist, currently teaching at Long Island University, New York, calls the art of forgetting the art of removing. "You can not live without removing," he holds; "to do one particular thing, you must forget many things in your way." In this respect, he calls science a process of removing mistaken views and errors. Solving a riddle is removing all that does not bear upon the solution.

Adolf Hitler practises the art. So does Benito Mussolini. They remove from their paths everything which does not belong to their preconception of the rôles they play. Three different people may read a novel, says the short and portly Doctor Adler; and yet they may emerge with three different points of view. They have removed, or forgotten, or diminished everything which did not fall into their way of life.

Doctor Adler advises Americans to remove those things in their experience which can not be changed. Every person has some sort of preconception and he deliberately removes all contradictions which stand in its way. A scholar, the psychologist cited, often does this. And there is the case of the person who can not say "Yes," but most always says "No." In so doing, he removes all agreements in his association with people.

Sifter—"We don't have to worry about forgetting," declares Henry C. Link, Director of the Psychological Service Center, which the American Psychological Association operates in New York. "The mind takes care of that. If we remembered everything we read in the newspapers, for instance, our minds would be a jumble of undigested matter. The mind serves as a sifter."

Yet Link advises the desirability of trying to forget in the rush of modern life. He says the demand upon the modern mind is too heavy. Newspaper reporters have overcome it by developing forgetting to a fine art, in his opinion. The ability to do this, too, has started off many successful careers, for many possibilities were forgotten in favor of one.

As Link knew, nobody better epitomized this than William James, who wrote: "Selection is the very keel on which our mental ship is built. And in this case of memory its utility is obvious. If we remembered everything, we should on most occasions be as badly off as if we remembered nothing. It would take as long for us to recall a space of time as it took the original time to elapse, and we should never get ahead with our thinking. All recollected times undergo, accordingly, what Ribot calls foreshortening; and this foreshortening is due to the omission of an enormous number of the facts which filled them."

Wide World

Doctor Brill forgets because he wants to forget

Practical—Telling a joke upon himself, Link showed how forgetting often worked out in practise: Asked to write an article on seven ways to improve the memory, he began it at 3 P.M. An hour later, he remembered he had an important engagement at 3. Moral: memory is governed by interests. We remember best what we want to remember.

"Suppose," says Odell Shepard, the English professor and author, "there should suddenly be dumped into a man's conscious mind a small part of what he has forgotten. There would be a swift flapping of wings out of all his past; ten million faces would surge up from darkness into a dreadful glare; a vast murmur of voices would gather out of silence and swell and grow, until it had built pandemonium under the dome of his skull.

"In that sea of faces he would not find the few who had been dear to him. Voices he had loved would be drowned in vapid clatter. The few good books he had read would be smothered under ten thousand bad. Worst of all, he would search in vain among the trivialities, the broken purposes and the weak surrenders of his own past, for that ideal self of which his weak memory had allowed him complacently to dream."

Get Mad—A fortnight ago, Ilion T. Jones, Iowa writer, pontificated in the *Presbyterian Tribune*: "Most successful people have had handicaps and failures to overcome. A medical doctor, whose chief labors are in the field of psychiatry, says he preaches the doctrine of overcompensation to his patients. He tells them to grapple with their failures, get mad at them, set their wills to the job, and they will discover untapped reserve energies and capacities within. Their achievements will quickly overcompensate for

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their failures; they will succeed in one direction even in a larger measure than they have failed in the other.

"After all that has been said about memory, however, we must emphasize the necessity of forgetting, in the sense of ceasing to give primary attention to certain things. Probably the whole truth is that we ought to forget some things and remember others."

Education

HOME WORK HO: Chicago Schools Revamp Study Plan; Children Gleeful, Parents Wonder

Last week, 132,000 students in the thirty-seven high schools of Chicago trooped home from classrooms without arms bulging with text-books. After a brief workout on corner vacant lots, they gave a shout of triumph at the fading midwinter light and stomped indoors, as footloose as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*, to listen to the radio, hike over to sweetie-pie's home, or curl up in chairs with the latest mechanics magazines.

Home work, that big bad wolf of American youth, had been theoretically abolished for them and transferred to the classroom by Dr. William H. Johnson, Chicago Superintendent of Schools. Called the Supervised Study Technique, the new plan provided for a series of study hours and changes in classroom methods which reduced home work out of school to the status of unfinished school business.

Example—A class studying English had a period or two of oral recitation and discussion. The teacher then assigned home work and acted as a sort of foreman as the class began to prepare it. If, at the end of the study period, this work was unfinished, it was done at home. The teacher decided how much discussion should precede the supervised study and, in fact, whether the progress of the class warranted such study.

Primary aim of the plan is to show children how to study and to instil a desire and liking for study and to further education. Doctor Johnson, forty-one-year-old Chicagoan who has been through the schools there and knows them thoroughly, based hope for successful results on the theory that studying done under guidance of an effective teacher should be more productive than that done independently at home, inasmuch as many parents were not able to supervise home work properly.

Some teachers didn't like the idea at all; they said that with a bigger class day there were not enough study halls. And education officials admitted it would take time to train teachers to use the new system. Parents feared that, lacking work in the house, children would be hard to keep home at night; but the officials hoped that other agencies of both school and home would take up the slack here. If the new system gave a child a desire to further his education, they reasoned, then it followed that this desire would tend to make him eager to use spare time for worth-while pursuits, such as Boy Scouts, books, music, lectures and radio educational programs.

Long one of the thorniest problems of the modern schools, the question of home work can raise a heated pro-and-con discussion quicker than any other in education.

Say Fathers: "What are teachers paid for, if I must help *Billy* with his algebra and ancient history?"

Say Mothers: "The night strain is too much after the long day at school."

Say Teachers: "It is utterly impossible to cover all of the material in the course of study in the short school hours."

California in 1901 forbade home work for children under fifteen, repealed the law in 1917. Los Angeles recently ended the nightly stint for the first eight grades and in the others "over the week-end." Philadelphia has restricted home work to pupils above the first two years. New York's system provides for no night work in the first two years, a half hour in the third and fourth years, an hour in the fifth and sixth years and an hour and a half in the seventh and eighth years. In high schools the State Regents compel at least one hour of home work for every hour of school work.

Balance—Arguments for and against the home work bugbear are evenly balanced. A clinical study brought out by the National Conference of Parents and Teachers showed:

Advantages: (1) Keeps the parents in touch with the school program; (2) develops a feeling of responsibility in the child; (3) provides constructive employment for time which might otherwise be idly squandered or uselessly employed; (4) makes school work a part of out-of-school situations.

Disadvantages: (1) Home work is frequently distributed unevenly, with three or four hours one night and almost none on others; (2) it frequently takes time from sleeping hours; (3) after a seven-hour day in school, it is too much to expect three or four hours of home study; (4) homes seldom provide suitable conditions or have adequate facilities; (5) disagreeable tasks are often assigned for home work, instead of interesting creative experiments; (6) parents are seldom trained to supervise home study; (7) little time is left for play, cultural pursuits, and for contact with other members of the family; (8) teachers in making their assignments fail to take into consideration that their subject is only one of many requiring outside work.

Lionel Green

Chicago's high school pupils smilingly accept the "no home work" ruling

Oral Recitation—A national survey of school practises discloses that the average expectation of time which a pupil of average ability must spend on home study is: below the seventh grade, little or no home assignment; seventh and eighth grades, up to thirty minutes; ninth grade, thirty to forty minutes; tenth grade, forty-five to sixty minutes; eleventh grade, sixty to ninety minutes; twelfth grade, sixty to 120 minutes.

In Chicago, as elsewhere, the prevailing idea was to devote class periods, which are now and were then approximately one hour long, entirely to oral recitation and discussion.

Under the new plan, however, the one-hour periods are not divided into just so many minutes for recitation, just so many for supervised study. The time devoted to each is purposely elastic. The teacher is the sole judge of when the class has arrived at a point when discussion should stop and supervised study begin. Most students will be able to finish their work in school, starting it under the original instructor's supervision, completing it in the study halls, thus for the most part eliminating out-of-school labors.

Chicago's theoretical abolition of it, however, was only part of a general overhauling of the elementary and high school system.

Easier Course—For one thing, the high school course is made easier.

As a result, new freshmen students were permitted to take only three major courses. English and general science were required; the third, and possibly the fourth course optional. And for the first time, credits were given for music, art and physical training. On this score, fear was expressed that some colleges might refuse to accept credits so made possible.

Great was the relief of children scurrying to classrooms for the February semester that mathematics had been made elective, was required only of pupils going to college.

Radical Change—Changes were just as radical in the elementary grades. Printed letters were taught by grooved patterns traced with "muscle-sense" methods in advance of longhand script; formal arithmetic was postponed until the third grade, long division held over until 5A instead of 4B, and fractions and other phases delayed in proportion.

Also introduced was the visual system of teaching reading. No one enunciates the words; instead, the teacher holds up a card bearing the word c-l-o-c-k and points out the clock to the pupils. The aim is to speed comprehension.

Reason: the old curriculum was framed at a time when the majority of children dropped out of school about the fifth grade. They had to be taught as rapidly as possible. To-day, almost all children go through the eighth grade, most of them continuing on to high school.

Last week, Doctor Johnson studied first reactions to his new system, showed anxiety only over home work. Said he: "I guess I'll have to take the blame for seeing the system installed here. For years, teachers have heard of supervised study, and the better ones have tried to install

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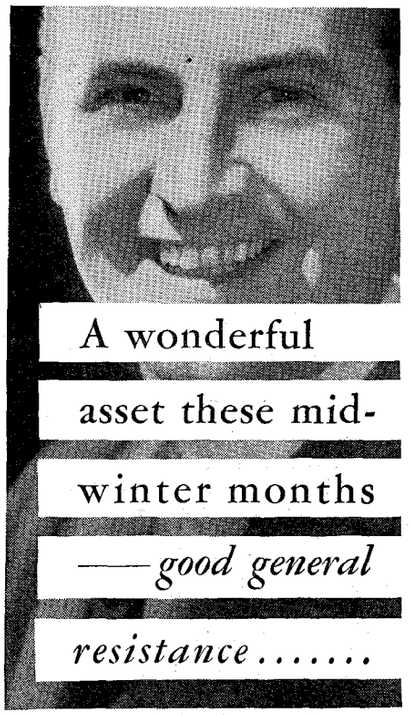

This month, you'll have to go through the most trying few weeks of the entire winter! During February a peak is reached for those conditions which start so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort. Will you be prepared?

There's this to think about. If you've put in a strenuous winter of hard work, with too little exercise, sunshine and fresh air, your *general resistance* is likely to be low. And low general resistance is one thing you can't afford to risk right now.

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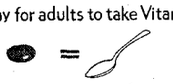

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

that method in their classes. Practise in matters learned in school can be accomplished at home as well as at school, but the place for the study of fundamentals is in the schoolroom. We must try to make the work attractive."

Support—Backing him up, he said, were all accredited agencies, including the North Central Association of High Schools and Colleges, the University of Illinois, and representatives of leading colleges throughout the country. Some of the latter, he added, have had remedial courses, which indicated that certain college students did not even know how to study.

Last week, Kansas City studied the adoption of a similar plan, but the United States Bureau of Education gave the opinion that, nationally, the argument of home work *vs.* no home work had simmered down to a static state of compromise in that educators had come to the general agreement that some home work was good, too much bad; that it must be coordinated by the various teachers, and must be pleasant and entertaining.

MRS. PREXY: Co-ed Graduate Succeeding in Oklahoma's Toughest Education Job

For years, alumni of Oklahoma's twenty-seven-year-old Southeastern State Teachers College and townspeople in neighboring Durant shrugged their shoulders whenever a new President accepted the toughest executive assignment in the Sooner State's educational system. Aspiring pedagogs thought the job too tough to handle, looked eagerly for positions in any of the five other Oklahoma teachers' colleges. State Legislators in Oklahoma City shaved minimum appropriations for Southeastern State in the annual educational budget.

One year ago last May, soon after the election of Gov. Ernest Whitworth Marland, a Democrat, the State Board of Education appointed his stanch campaigner, tall, blonde, forty-one-year-old Mrs. Kate Galt Zaneis, as President of Southeastern State Teachers College—her own *alma mater*. Observers wondered how long Mrs. Zaneis would last.

Next month, they will have ample proof of her lasting-powers, for the Nation's First Lady is scheduled to honor Mrs. Zaneis with a personal visit.

Unique—Her appointment was unique for several reasons: first, she became probably the only woman President in the world of a major coeducational institution; second, she was the first State-born head of any of youthful Oklahoma's (admitted as a State in 1907) governmental or educational agencies; third, she was the first Southeastern graduate to head the College.

Tho historically more accustomed to women in public life than Easterners (first twelve States to give women the right to vote were west of the Mississippi), farmers and oil men of the Sooner State pondered skeptically on Mrs. Zaneis's ability to discipline and organize husky male undergraduates. Women had won executive laurels at such traditional girls' colleges as Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania (President Marion Edwards Park), Wellesley and Radcliffe in Massachusetts (Presidents the late Ellen Fitz Pendleton and Ada Louise Comstock, respectively), but no precedent existed for Mrs. Zaneis's appointment to coeducational Southeastern State.

Welcome—Students and professors gave a rousing welcome to Mrs. Zaneis when she arrived in 1935. Durant, the little college town (pop. 7,500) situated about fifteen miles from the Red River, where it forms the border between Texas and Oklahoma, extended all of its hospitality.

The first crisis she encountered was the necessity of cutting her faculty's salaries to meet a $12,000 budget reduction. Promptly, she equalized pay-checks, balanced her books, jacked up professorial requirements, weeded out full-time staff members who lacked a Master's Degree.

Looking out over her twenty-eight-acre hilltop campus (wood-lot, peach-orchard and cornfield when the College was founded in 1909), Mrs. Zaneis saw leaky roofs, scaling paint, crumbling mortar. No improvements were possible under her reduced budget, so she swung the full force of her political experience onto the local WPA. Roofs were repaired, walls painted; and to-day, three of the six classroom buildings are being completely renovated with Federal funds.

Come to Stay—By last spring, Southeastern undergraduates began to realize that their energetic President had come to stay. Last fall, the fruit of her activities ripened: College opened with 1,000 resident students, a 30 per cent. increase. Durant tradespeople chatted happily about the new President "up on the hill" who had flooded local stores with a record patronage of student spenders.

The chief reason for President Zaneis's rapid-fire success is her personality. No disciplinarian, she spends much of her time encouraging undergraduate social life, tries to make every student belong to at least two social organizations.

Co-eds have learned to recognize her loud, clear voice from across the campus. Waiters in the Durant cafeterias admire her appetite, know her liking for chicken-burgers and limeades. Conservative professors approve her quiet, unfrilled, well-tailored clothes. Practically her only personal worry is finding hats large enough to fit around her wealth of blonde hair.

Sooner-Born — Born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, in 1895, she was married and divorced soon after graduation from Southeastern, stepped straight into fifteen years of teaching. Living to-day in the comfortable President's House on the Durant Campus, she finds her chief relaxation in joking with her mother, Mrs. Miriam O. Galt, and her housekeeper in baby-talk (which she uses only in the home), and knifing into the succulent T-bone steaks which make her favorite evening meal.

This week, in her third-floor, book-lined study, she is drawing up the final details for the proposed $700,000 building schedule to give Southeastern two new dormitories, end congested living conditions of students quartered in Durant attics, tourist cabins. She hopes to see construction started before March 18, when Mrs. Roosevelt is to arrive.

Friends of the lady President, commenting on her ceaseless energy, report her comeback to a State Game Warden who stopped her well-known red sedan on the near-by Kiamichi Mountain highway, asked her if she had shot a deer.

"Mister," she retorted, "if you think I have time to hunt deer, you're all wrong. I'm a college president."

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Off-Side

Wright-Rongg—Federal Judge Leon R. Yankwich of Los Angeles heard a case about the virtually identical patent claims submitted by Luther Wright and Herman Rongg. Verdict: "The court holds that Wright is wrong and Rongg is right."

* * *

Damages—Alton Warfel reported to Ansonia, Connecticut, police that he had knocked down a man while driving his car. The collision broke a pint bottle in the man's hip pocket. Refusing to identify himself or receive aid, the victim merely demanded full value for the flowing fluid.

* * *

Badge — Thomas C. Wilcox, Wayne County, Michigan, Sheriff-elect, decided diamond-studded badges provoked "too much ridicule," so he has decided to wear "a plain $47 gold badge."

* * *

Wedding—Standing in a bathtub, the Rev. Freeman A. Kunz held Chicago's first trailer wedding as Gudmunc Johansen and his bride squeezed in between the electric refrigerator and the cook stove. The maid of honor sat in the library, the best man stood on the rear step.

* * *

Touch-Down—Herbert Freese scooted to an aeronautical touch-down as he landed his plane on the thirty-yard line of a football field, taxied to a stop under the goal-posts.

* * *

Employee—A physician of Tonkawa, Oklahoma, employs an office girl who also works for another doctor. Asked to fill in his social security blank, the medico filled in "one-half" under the query about how many persons employed. The local postmaster, perplexed, referred the matter to Washington.

* * *

Congressmen—Advice from Speaker Bankhead to freshmen Congressmen: "Answer those letters from constituents the day you get them. Reply first to those written in pencil on tablet paper. They come from somebody at the head of the creek who'll be your friend for life."

* * *

Swank—Five handsome firemen in evening clothes responded to the alarm of Mrs. Charles Jones, of Loveland, Colorado. Notwithstanding patent leather pumps, the huskies went to work on a burning chicken-coop, restricted loss to fifteen chickens. Later they said they had been called from a lodge memorial service when the alarm was sounded.

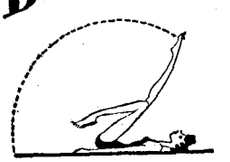
* * *

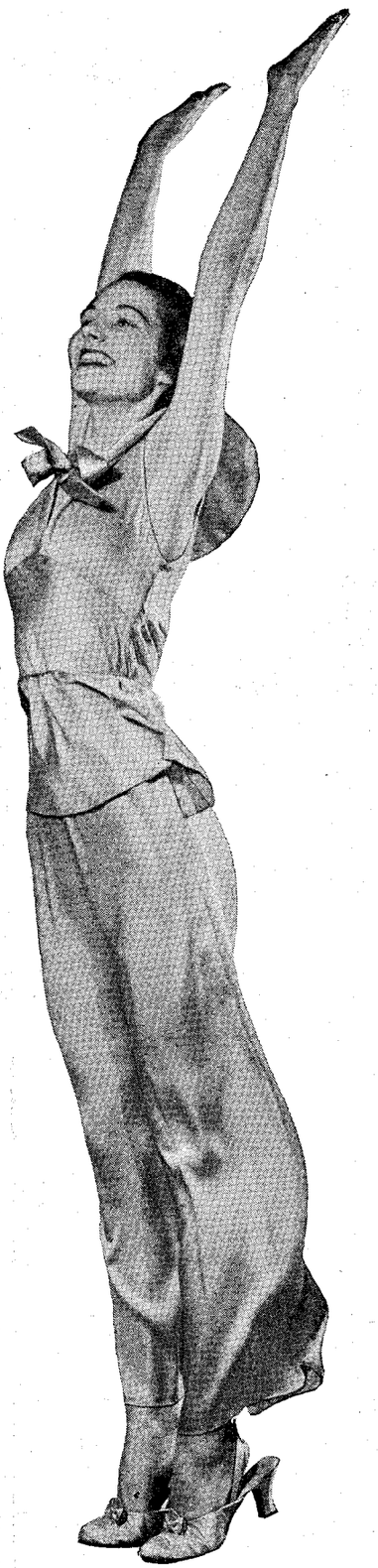
Musical—With the Illinois animal kingdom definitely chanting "let there be music," Martha Leigh Thatcher, high school student, of Jerseyville, proclaims her gray-striped cat a deft pianist. It has been offered as an accompanist for Minnie, the singing mouse, also an Illinois prodigy.

* * *

Food—According to a survey, the typical American eats over a ton of food a year. In his diet are sixty-two pounds of beef, twelve pounds of coffee, 102 pounds of sugar, 177 pounds of white flour, seventeen pounds of butter, 167 pounds of fresh fruit, eighteen dozen eggs, 180 pounds of potatoes and 918 pounds of milk.

Add SARÁKA to your DAILY DOZEN





Exercise and strengthen the intestinal muscles

This is the story of a young lady who was *determined* to be healthy. Every morning, she did her setting-up exercises. Over the week-end—tennis and swimming. Yet, she still suffered from habitual *constipation.*

Then she heard of a new kind of exercise —a laxative with "exercising action."

After breakfast and dinner, she takes a teaspoonful of Saráka.* Its principal ingredient is bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree. In Saráka, this comes in tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. During the next two hours, these granules undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

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In fact, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Its results are so natural yet thorough that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when chronic constipation was unknown.

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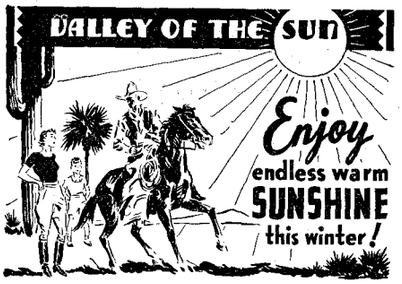

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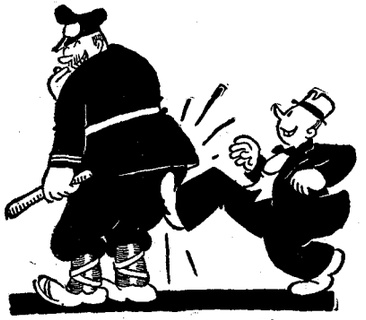

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Religion

BUDDHISTS MEET: 40th Annual Convention Held at San Francisco, New Temple Started

At 1881 Pine Street, San Francisco, is the headquarters of the Buddhist Mission of North America, which houses the nation's first and largest Buddhist temple. This week, its customary Oriental calm was broken by a hubbub which made many an Occidental passer-by pause.

Members of the powerful Jodo-Shinshu (Japanese) sect, these Buddhists were delegates to its fortieth annual convention in the United States, which, next week, promises to be epochal for 50,000 Nipponese and 2,000 white American members.

New Ashes—Unlike many of the estimated 150,000,000 Buddhists in Japan and throughout Asia, America's adherents boast no shrine containing some of the ashes of Gotama Buddha, founder of the mighty religion in India in 568 B.C. In the great temples of the East the ashes repose in vessels upon which worshipers may gaze reverentially as they burn three pinches of purifying incense at smoking altars, the while intoning: *"Namo-Amida-Butsu."**

Deeply sensible of this loss to American rites, the Emperor of Siam last year gave a pinch of the sacred ashes to Bishop Kenju Masuyama, head of the Jodo-Shinshu in this country. His bright eyes agleam with joy, the tiny, broad-shouldered prelate hurried home to San Francisco, where he quickly garnered $60,000 from the faithful for a new temple to enshrine the precious gift. Then, from Japan, he ordered 50,000 lotus-petals, which will be placed in the corner-stone after each is inscribed with a donor's name.

Next week, to the accompaniment of gongs and incense, gold-robed priests will break ground for the new edifice in the presence of the fifty-eight Japanese and twelve American priests and 100 laymen delegates, as well as hundreds of San Francisco's Japanese colonists.

Expansion Program—For Buddhist delegates, the ground-breaking ceremony is at once the easiest and most endearing part of the four-day convention. The hardest is working out a missionary expansion program.

Reversing Christian missionary tactics which have netted thousands of converts in Japan since Perry's visit, Buddhism has enjoyed a ten-year surge among white Americans and the 140,000 Japanese in this country. Currently in the field are forty young missionaries from the Buddhist University of Kyoto, Japan.

Established in San Francisco in 1897 by the missionary Sonoda-Shu, of Kyoto University, the Jodo-Shinshu sect gradually implanted itself along the Pacific shores where Japanese had settled. To-day, there are 100 temples, mostly in California, which alone has 300 congregations.

Rival Buddhist sects, such as the Zenshu and the Nichiren, cut in, but never have had more than 10,000 followers in all. Always influential and progressive,

*Literally: I take refuge in Buddha of Infinite Life; I take my refuge in Buddha of Boundless Light.

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the Jodo-Shinshu counts its votaries from all walks of Japanese life. Among the 2,000 white Americans are doctors, lawyers, teachers and scientists, of whom fifty are priests. Only priestess is Mrs. Sunya Pratt, late-thirtyish wife of a Tacoma traveling salesman. British-born, she has taken the name of *Teiun,* wears a yellow robe at rites, and intends, when her two children grow up, to go to the Orient, alms bowl in hand, to seek *Nirvana.*

Temples Planned—Altho New York has the largest (and practically the only) Japanese colony east of the Rockies, it possesses no temple for its many Buddhists. Services are held in a leading priest's apartment. But last week, Dr. Hozen Seki, Buddhist high priest and emissary of the great Hongawanji Temple at Kyoto, laid final plans for temples there, as well as in Philadelphia.

A reformation of Brahmanism, or the old Hindu pantheism, Buddhism owes its origin to a son of the King of the Sakyas, a people of warrior caste in northern India. Born at a time when Indians were seeking a single reality behind all objects of worship and salvation not in ceremonies but in a unity with that reality, Buddha left home at twenty-nine, after a wasteful life in luxury, found his spiritual awakening six years later under a fig-tree.

He organized an order of monks and of nuns, passed the rest of his life preaching his doctrine, which, in substance, is: Human existence is on the whole miserable. Life is a whole, nature a whole; so to be born is to become separate, bad. Pain exists because we are born, and death is no escape, for this can be found only in *Nirvana*—complete extinction.

Spiritual Release—Caste-ridden Indians leaped at this creed with gusto, for it gave them a spiritual release from temporal ties, and it wasn't long before Buddhism spread over Asia. To-day, it has waned in India; is found chiefly in Nepal, Ceylon, Tibet, down the Indo-China peninsula and in China and Japan.

Tho many Japanese declare they are faithful, all at once, to the tenets of Buddhism, Christianity and Shintoism, this is an impossibility in the eyes of Shinshu priests.

"If young Americans would become Buddhists," said Doctor Seki, hurrying away to the San Francisco convention, "there would be no more of these killings, stealings, kidnapings that disturb the country. They would find peace. It fills, too, your hustling, bustling life-needs."

Of Japan, which also hustles, he added: "Buddhism is no longer taught there. Japan has sold her soul for Western civilization."

THELMA'S QUEST: Rosicrucian Cinderella Girl Star Pilgrim on Egyptian Junket

Small and little known are a dozen or so non-sectarian and, in a broad sense, non-religious orders, which seldom arouse interest outside their own tiny worlds.

More of a secret brotherhood than a sect, they employ a system of mystical-metaphysical philosophy calculated to guide the development of the inner consciousness; and often they leave the uninitiated to wonder whether they aren't religions after all.

Oldest and best known of them is the Ancient, Mystical Order Rosae Crucis (Rosicrucians), which numbers about 400,000 to 500,000 throughout the world. Lodge-like, the membership includes both men and women, is strongest in England, France and Germany, fairly strong in Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy. Around 50,000 dwell in the United States.

Junket—Last week, Rosicrucians all over the world watched with profound interest a junket-like mission to Egypt led by the American Imperator of the order, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, fifty-six, short, rotund, bearded "Grand Old Man" of the mystic order on these shores. A little more than a fortnight ago, Doctor Lewis swung out from Rosicrucian Park, San José, California, national headquarters, amid the cheers of 300 families who live about the colony. About 150 cohorts, many of them wealthy, accompanied him with much fanfare and pomp.

Star pilgrim was not the jolly, talkative Rosicrucian mogul, but Thelma Johnson, twenty-two, shy, soft-spoken Rosicrucian Park "Hello" girl, who has never been more than fifty miles from home. Picked for the trip by an employees' club, Thelma was promptly dubbed "Cinderella of Santa Clara (San José) Valley," became an object of great pride and joy to fellow members traveling with her.

Princess's Purse—As the pilgrim train sped across the continent to New York, Rosicrucians poured out at stop-overs to wish her godspeed, drop into her lap a princess's purse of $12,000. In New York, "Cinderella" Johnson put aside her expensive fur coat, gold lamé evening gowns, afternoon frocks and sport togs, drank her first cocktails and posed at the switchboard of the Hotel Martinique, whose façade displayed the sign: "Rosicrucians Welcome!" At her side, Doctor Lewis proudly handed out publicity releases, the theme of which was: "Will she find her Prince Charming?"

With the prime object a search for wisdom, the Rosicrucian pilgrimage to Egypt takes place every five or six years, includes stops with brother members at gay Mediterranean resorts before pulling up at the Heliopolis Hotel, in Cairo, Egypt.

Chief point of interest in the land of the Pharoahs is the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which, they believe, contains the secrets of infinite wisdom.

Secret Principles—Revived in Europe in the fifteenth century, the Rosicrucian fraternity practised the secret principles of its order over alchemists' forges, sought to transmute gross human nature into higher spiritual qualities as well as convert baser metals into gold. It spread to the United States in 1694, sprouting in Philadelphia, where Franklin and Jefferson were members.

Foremost spirit in the organization in North America has been Doctor Lewis, a former resident of Frenchtown, New Jersey. He took up the study of the Rosae Crucis in 1907, became Imperator of this hemisphere two years later upon taking degrees abroad. An ordained Buddhist priest, Doctor Lewis thirteen years ago moved the Order's headquarters from San Francisco to San José, where he built a great settlement which to-day consists of thirteen buildings in Egyptian style. Conventions are held annually in July, and many of the members are wealthy. A number of magazines are published.

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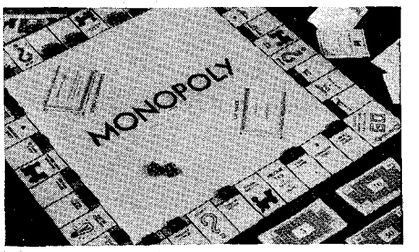

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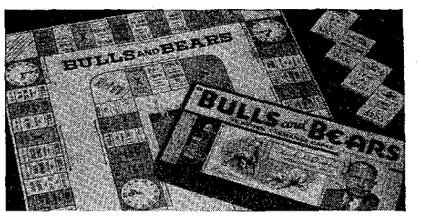

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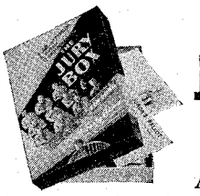

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Parade

Tradition forced **President Roosevelt** to turn a few minutes from national affairs last week, look after the interior decoration of the White House. Not that Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't attend capably to all such things—oh, no! But the Arts Commission must approve the Chief Executive's selection of the $4,000 new drapes and curtains for the East Room.

Also, a new piano in the East Room must be chosen. The old gold one is going to the Smithsonian Institution, where tourists' fingers may still slip over the surface. Intimates say the President would like a nice cool summer in 1937; an air-conditioned White House. But the price of a thorough job, $150,000 to $200,000, is so high, he is asking for only $10,000—enough to chill two or three rooms.

The White House is valued at $2,250,000, grounds at $23,623,170. In any other home of like value, $67,500 would be a nominal sum for annual up-keep, experts say. Last year, $78,000 had to be spent on plumbing and wiring. This year, the President is asking for another $7,200 for external repairs.

* * *

Seldom has Baltimore society been as divided as during the current "hat-leg" issue being raised by **Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway,** Flag Chairman of the city's Daughters of the American Revolution. For years, the prominent social leader has been noted for her tall, cylindrical headgear. Imagine her ire when viewing advance pictures of the Baltimore Junior League "Follies," wherein the socially-registered maidens disported themselves in military shakos, not unlike Mme. Holloway's millinery. To make matters worse, the embryo chorines had bare legs. "I don't like their wearing my hat," thundered Mrs. Holloway. "And I am amazed to know that the children of the *élite* appear with their thin legs, fat legs, and their broad legs, just to get a good time. I can not understand their parents allowing it. Where is the word modesty? No longer in the dictionary?" The show went on, Mrs. Holloway grumbled, other leaders were sharp in retorts. "I'm afraid Mrs. Holloway is out of step," said one.

* * *

"Real fish stories are the very background of the American folk literature," declared **Charles E. Jackson,** Deputy Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries. "We mustn't let them get away. . . . We are angling to land the greatest collection of piscatorial fables in the world." Jackson is Chief Justice of Yarns in the Hook, Line and Sinker Club, devoted to collecting tall tales of fishermen. Acceptance of one good fishing tale makes any contributor a member. If, however, a member fails to send in at least two stories annually he is compelled to fish for an hour in Washington's Lincoln Memorial reflecting pool (fishless) while other members jeer.

* * *

"There has been a tendency," observed **Capt. Earl P. Jessup,** Commander of the training-ship *Empire State,* "not merely abroad but in this country as well, to belittle the standards of the American Merchant Marine. Those who take that attitude do not remember its traditions. "It founded the United States Navy, and American officers to-day are as fine as those of any country in the world."

Wide World

Betty Jane Rhodes, Martha Driscoll, Barbara Read and Nan Grey, instructed by Dick Skeen

* * *

They may never see a tennis ball, but still-picture models at Universal Films in California get good work-outs leaping for publicity cameras. **Dick Skeen,** Hollywood tennis pro, takes a position with them as they lavish stock smile No. 232.

* * *

Not to be outdone by the smart set among the **Eskimos,** the young maidens and club leaders in West Africa are making permanent waves a "must" this season. Outdoor hair-dressing salons, while still somewhat primitive, are besieged with enthusiastic social leaders *en route* to tribal musicales or showings of 1921 American movies. At their leisure, pipe-smoking experts weave their dusky fingers through masses of kinky locks.

At 3 a. m. one Tuesday, **Harry Heinz,** forty, decided to take a bath in a hotel in Seattle's central business district. Other residents complained of the noise. "I don't see why it's illegal to take a bath," his lawyer protested when he was haled into court for disturbing the peace. "According to common law," the judge commented, "baths are taken on Saturday night. Five days in jail."

* * *

Musical composition in 1937; *multo dinaro.* Exchange of views between American composer **George Gershwin,** Russian composer **Igor Stravinsky.**

Gershwin: "I would like to take lessons in counterpoint and composition from you. For a fee, of course."

Stravinsky: "How much did you make last year?"

Gershwin: "Oh—about $150,000."

Stravinsky: "You'd better give me some lessons!"

Globe

Pipe-in-Mouth, West African Coiffeuse admires a victim of her artistry

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Sports

FIGURE-SKATERS PASS EARLY TESTS

Competition Makes Miss Vinson Feel Old at Twenty-Five

Triple-tracing, an intricate ice-skating figure in championship style, has been aptly compared to threading a needle on the dead run.

Because it is, or seems to be, almost prohibitively difficult, needlework on ice has fewer expert practitioners and more goggle-eyed spectators than any other winter sport. Unlike bowling, whose Nationals next month will draw more than 15,000 hopeful challengers, the United States figure-skating championships, being held this week in Chicago, annually bring forth fewer than 100 entrants.

Most of them can estimate to a blade's edge their chances of winning. Through a series of eight closely-judged tests of skill devised by the U. S. Figure Skating Association, skaters are ranked far more

Pictures Inc.

Robin (after Robin Hood) Huntingdon Lee cuts most outstanding figures in United States

accurately than competitive golfers or tennis players.

Award—Before a skater can enter novice competition, he must have passed the first three tests. Two more qualify him for the junior events. Passing the sixth test gives him a senior rating. For getting past all eight, the U.S.F.S.A. awards a gold medal. Fewer than a dozen people, four of them women, have won the Association's gold medal.

While experts agree that beginners can become better-than-fair skaters in a comparatively short time, it takes years of constant practise to get into the championship brackets. Most of the current experts started when they were six or seven. A few, like Maribel Vinson and Sonja Henie, broke in at three.

Edges—The first thing a beginner must learn is how to use the edges of the skates. Skate-blades aren't flat; they're ground out slightly in the center, leaving an outside and an inside edge. In every thrust, turn and curve, a figure-skater uses one of eight edges (inside or outside, right or left, backward or forward).

When he has learned to control the edges, he starts working on the Figure Eight, simplest of ice-skating's forty-two school figures. After a few years, he learns the last and hardest, the Bracket-Change-Bracket. All forty-two figures come back to the starting-point on a true circle.

An advanced skater practising for a National or World championship must work on all the school figures. Except in Olympic years, contestants never know until just before the meet which six figures they will have to do. Judges draw them out of a hat.

Ratings—Whatever the figures drawn, every contestant must skate over each one three times from the starting-point. The three lines etched in the smooth, hard ice must be as nearly on top of one another as possible. Wiggles and wavers are fatal. In addition to the accuracy and size of the tracings, the seven-judge jury rates contestants for posture, movements and grace.

In any championship, school figures count two-thirds. Free skating counts one-third. In free skating, contestants make up their own programs of jumps, spins, spirals, dance-steps and spread eagles, linking them together in one continuous show to music. Women have to put on a four-, men a five-minute show.

The hardest of the spectacular jumps usually tried in free skating is the Axel Paulsen, which calls for a turn and a half in air. Most of the jumps (Salchows, Lutzes, etc.) are named for their inventors.

Training—Probably more than any other sport, figure-skating requires a combination of mental concentration and muscular relaxation.

Because of the hair-line accuracy demanded of their tracings, competitive skaters are fussy about their skates. Handmade skate blades cost $22.50. The high shoes, which literally fit like gloves and come in eighth sizes, run between $25 and $35 a pair.

Most of the expert figure- and speed-skaters use blades made by eighty-year-old John E. Strauss and his twenty-seven-year-old son, John, Jr., in their unpretentious St. Paul, Minnesota, shop. Through a secret process which the former safe and bicycle builder discovered by chance in Italy fifty-six years ago, Strauss blades have a glassy hardness that resists cracks and breaks, and require less frequent sharpening than other makes.

Blades are curved so as to make circles of five-and-a-half-, six- or seven-foot radii, depending on individual requirements. A sixteenth of an inch difference in grinding, therefore, can throw a skater's timing out of kilter.

Jitters—A skater's biggest hazard in competition isn't poorly ground or adjusted skates, tho. It's jitters. The sight of unmarked ice, the realization that leaning or twisting too much or too little may spoil a figure that, once traced, can not be tried again, and the absence of a partner, often give first-time singles competitors acute attacks of nervousness.

The champion figure-skater of the

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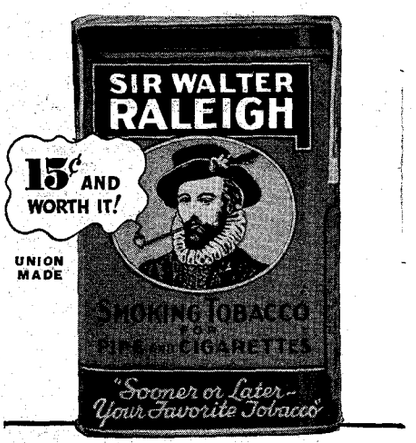

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United States for the past two years is a blond, seventeen-year-old St. Paul, Minnesota, youth named Robin Huntingdon Lee. A likable, handsome youngster, he inherited his skill from his father, a skating instructor, and his name from England's Robin Hood (metamorphosed and properly "pedigreed" in the seventeenth century into the Earl of Huntingdon).

The youngest national champion in the sport's history started to skate at seven. By the time he was ten, he had mastered all the rudimentary figures it takes adults years to learn. At eleven, he won the Minnesota men's championship, at twelve, the national junior title, and at fifteen, the United States senior crown, which he successfully defended last year.

A proficient swimmer and golfer, he spends most of his spare time practising skating or helping other boys develop their school figures, rarely sits down at the piano, which he plays well.

Like Lee, the country's best woman figure-skater, Maribel Yerxa Vinson, won the national junior championship when she was twelve. Unlike him, she started on double-runner skates at three and progressed to single blades a year later.

Old at 25—Commenting on the youthfulness of the top-notch performers, Miss Vinson wrote in her New York *Times* women's sport column:

"Skating is fast becoming a sport in which a competitor, at twenty-five, feels like a grandmother."

Miss Vinson is twenty-five.

Miss Vinson's father, a prominent Boston lawyer, taught her to skate. But she learned most of her technique from Willie Frick, Boston Skating Club professional and her tutor until two years ago.

Before going to 9 o'clock classes at Girls' Latin School, Miss Vinson used to get up at 5 in the morning to practise in the Boston Arena. When she was sixteen, she won the national senior championship, and defended it for five straight years.

Then she went to Europe and let Suzanne Davis, of Philadelphia, win the 1934 title. She took it back in 1935, tho, and repeated again last winter.

Olympics—In 1928, Miss Vinson was fourth in the Olympic Games. She placed third in 1932, and fifth last year.

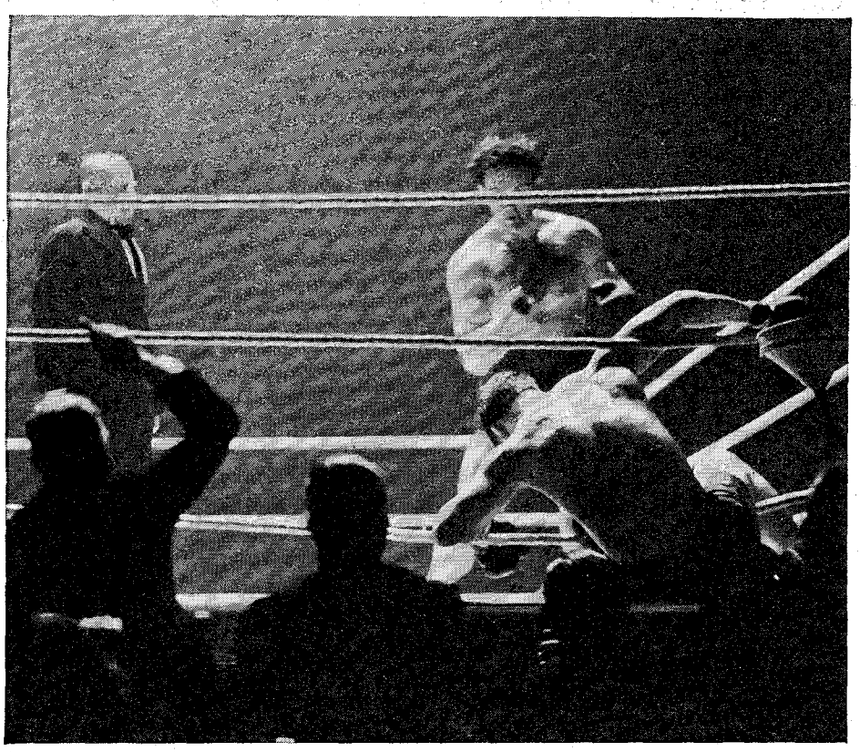
A slender, attractive brunette, Miss Vinson is popular with the skating crowd, partly because of her friendly willingness to help them improve their skill.

With her partner, George E. B. Hill, she won the national pair championship in 1933, 1935 and 1936. At their home town, Boston, they will defend the biennial North American pair title on February 26 and 27. Like many other figure-skaters, Hill is interested in architecture. He's studying it at Harvard.

No architect nor even, by her own admission, especially artistic, Miss Vinson's reaction to the apparently monotonous repetition of school figures she has practised thousands of times is strongly emotional.

Appreciation—"It is the rare galleryite," she writes in *Sports Illustrated*, "who has the imagination to appreciate fully the tensity behind this apparently dull going 'round and 'round in circles, but to those of us who have to skate them, the school figures are dramatic, vitally alive.

"Competition in them is like nothing else. All alone on an expanse of ice, we must put them down. There is no partner, no opponent to give us confidence. What we do is entirely up to us."



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Knock-down!! End of the trail for one fighter . . . may be the start for another

BOXING: Braddock Skips Schmeling for Louis—and a Bigger Gate

In the seventy years since Scotland's sporty eighth Marquis of Queensberry helped draft the first and subsequently revised code of fair practise for prize-fights, professional boxing has alternately bored and entertained its howling audiences with every dramatic situation familiar to veteran theatergoers.

Since June, 1935, when a serious ex-has-been, James Joseph Braddock, gave a clowning, current has-been, Max Baer, a convincing if unbrilliant beating to win the heavy-weight championship of the world, boxing's most lustily discussed situation has concerned an ancient bit of stage rigmarole: the Triangle.

Players in the international cast are Braddock, an Irish-American; a Negro, Joe Louis (*real name* Barrow); and a German, Max Schmeling. The problem: who will fight whom for the championship, and who will win?

Match—Until a fortnight ago, fight fans were anticipating, not too excitedly, a title match booked for next June between the champion and Schmeling, who had won the right eight months ago by knocking out Louis in what sports writers called the biggest upset of the year.

But last week the players in boxing's Triangle, their managers, promoters, officials of the New York and Illinois State Athletic Commissions and the prospective audience of fight fans, were busily ignoring or debating the situation's latest development: announcement that Braddock would repudiate his contract with Schmeling, would fight Joe Louis in Chicago next June instead.

As has always been the case since boxing changed from a sport to an industry, the reason behind the move is money. Ever since the beetle-browed Schmeling pounded his way back to recognition as the premier challenger for the title he lost to Jack Sharkey in 1932, the boxing world has become increasingly aware that a fight between the German and Braddock would attract only mild support from the sport's paying *clientele*.

Reasons—Braddock, a capable, determined fighter with more skill than most fans credit him with, lacks the "color" which in previous years has packed the customers in to see such box-office attractions as Jack Dempsey and Max Baer.

Schmeling, who has made more than $1,500,000 since he started campaigning in American rings nine years ago, has slightly more drawing power, enhanced by his knock-out of Joe Louis. But the anti-Nazi crowd in this country, contending that if Schmeling won the championship he would take it, and his earnings, back to Germany for good, has promised to boycott the bout.

From a personally-conducted poll of sports writers throughout the country, Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, estimated that a Braddock-Schmeling fight would draw only $200,000, of which the champion's share would be approximately $80,000. Therefore, he said, when a Chicago syndicate telephoned a guaranty of $500,000 if Braddock would meet Louis in that city, he felt justified in accepting it.

Louis—As a crowd-compelling spectacle, a match between the sensational Negro heavy-weight and Champion Braddock would undoubtedly be a bonanza for its promoters. Not yet twenty-three, Joe Louis has fought thirty-seven professional fights since July, 1934. He has won thirty by knock-outs, six by decisions. The only defeat in his professional career was by Schmeling.

Aside from a remarkable record which has gained the shuffling, pout-lipped Negro

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such formidable pseudonyms as "Brown Bomber," "Tan Thunderbolt" and "Detroit Destroyer," his ten-round decision over Bob Pastor two weeks ago proves he is not impregnable.

Pastor, whose lack of brilliance as a former New York University football player was attributed to his slowness of foot, lasted his ten rounds with Louis by being too fleet.

Dodging and back-tracking at every opportunity, he converted the widely-ballyhooed slugging bee spectators had paid top prices of $16.50 to see into a dull track meet, kept out of range of Louis's thunderous punches, and was highly delighted to have avoided a knock-out from the sepia-skinned boxer. No credit to him nor to Louis, who showed badly in futile attempts to land his punches, the Pastor fight helped destroy the myth that the Negro is a "killer" and brightened Braddock's hopes of beating him.

Braddock—Disregarding the ethical problem involved in breaking a contract with Schmeling for which he posted $5,000 forfeit, the proposed Braddock-Louis fight may furnish another high light in one of the boxing game's most fabulous sagas.

Braddock is thirty years old. He has been fighting professionally since 1926, when Joe Gould induced him to capitalize on fighting skill which had won him the New Jersey State light heavy-weight and heavy-weight titles.

In 1928, with the betting odds 7 to 1 against him, Braddock knocked out Tuffy Griffiths, a highly rated fighter who had won fifty-five consecutive bouts.

In less than a year he got a crack at Tommy Loughran's light heavy-weight championship. Loughran gave him a fifteen-round boxing lesson. In the next four years Braddock had twenty-nine fights, lost fifteen, won ten and was knocked out for the first and only time in his career (by Lou Scozza, November 9, 1932; technical K.O. in sixth round). Two fights ended in "no contest," one was a draw.

Down—Apparently washed up as a fighter, Braddock found part-time work as a stevedore loading heavy railroad ties on the Jersey City docks. By the summer of 1935, unable to support a wife and three children, he went on relief. He stayed on relief for ten months.

His manager, Joe Gould, got him a fight with Corn Griffin, a husky slugger who had gained some recognition by roughing up Primo Carnera when the gigantic Italian was training for Max Baer. In a preliminary to the main bout which cost Carnera his world's championship, Braddock was floored in the first round, knocked Griffin out in the third. That was in June, 1934. Braddock's take was $250.

Until November, he didn't earn another cent in the ring. Then, in what was supposed to be a set-up match for John Henry Lewis, he outpointed the Negro. From his $700 share, he paid back the money he had received on relief.

Up—In the Madison Square Garden's elimination contest to find an opponent for Baer, Braddock beat Art Lasky and was promptly named Number One challenger. Three months later he won the world's championship from Baer.

Whether Braddock risks his title against Max Schmeling or Joe Louis in June, it will be his first fight in exactly two years. Regardless of the outcome of either match, it will provide a denouement for which, properly encouraged, boxing fans will spend from $200,000 to $1,000,000.

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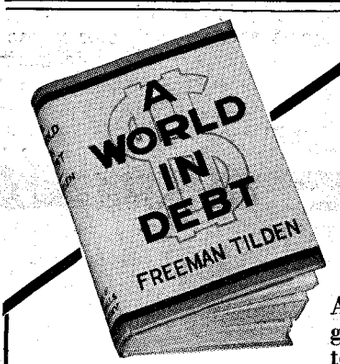

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BROWS FURROWED ON INCOME TAXES

Eight of Nine Taxpayers at or Under $5,000 Bracket

Only one of every nine self-supporting Americans pays Federal income taxes. Last week, this select group of 4,500,000 wage-earning and coupon-clipping citizens got out pencil and paper, furrowed their own or their lawyers' brows over the job of rendering unto *Uncle Sam* (by March 15) that which is *Uncle Sam's*.

Internal Revenue chiefs who remembered 1936 collections knew that eight of every nine income taxpayers would pay taxes on incomes up to $5,000. Yet the 4,000,000 taxpayers who constituted this group would not pay half as much to the Treasury as the 8,000 citizens who last year had incomes from $50,000 to $100,000. (Taxes from the $5,000 a year and down class, $44,700,000. Collections from the $50,000 to $100,000 a year class, $110,500,000.)

Not only that, but the minuscule sliver of the country's population—forty-one last year—which enjoys incomes of $1,000,000 and up, would turn over to *Uncle Sam* slightly less than all the 4,000,000 taxpayers in the $5,000 and less class.

Questions—These considerations and the consideration also that *Uncle Sam* expects this year to double the $654,000,000 he collected last year concerned the income taxpayer little in comparison with such questions as:

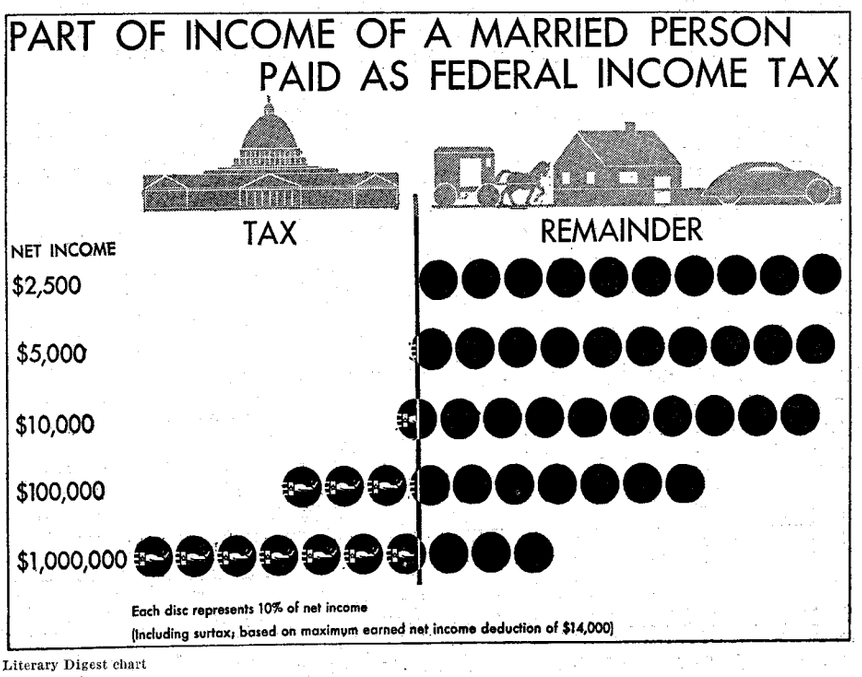
Must I file a return? What is my gross income? My net? Are alimony payments taxed? Income from endowment policies? How do I figure losses? What may I deduct?

Alert executives of Simon and Schuster, Inc., scooped fellow publishers last year by answering these and similar questions in a non-technical pamphlet, "Your Income Tax." Taxpayers gobbled up more than 40,000 copies at $1 each. In a revised 127-page edition, the author, I. Herman Sher, tax authority, guides the reader through the income tax maze and lists. "Each and every deduction" to which he is entitled.

Suppose you are an assistant buyer of blankets in a department store, unmarried, and earn $1,800 annually. You also own two 4 per cent. industrial bonds and have $600 in a savings bank. Your income then is $1,800 salary, plus $80 interest on the 4 per cent. bonds, $12 interest on your savings. Total $1,892.

Deductions—Now for your deductions: Suppose you paid $100 for night courses and books so that you could advance in your work. Suppose, also, that you gave $15 to your community chest fund. If you kept track of the $15 or so spent in State gasoline taxes during the year, that can be deducted too. So can the $10 worth of annual subscriptions to *Women's Wear* and other trade periodicals in your field. Presuming you have no dependents, you are granted a $1,000 personal exemption, and on top of all this, *Uncle Sam* grants you a 10 per cent deduction from your earned income. Your deductions then total $1,320. Your tax, 4 per cent. on the remaining $583, comes to $23.32.

Suppose you are a doctor whose fees last year totaled $15,000. As a matter of course, you deduct the salary of your assistant, a proportion of your telephone and automobile bills, the cost of keeping your books. In addition, you have spent railroad fare to attend a medical association convention. You purchased equipment. Then, last year, a thief broke into your office, made off with a $300 set of medical encyclopedias. In addition, you hired an attorney to defend you in a suit by a patient. Deductions reduced your gross income to $10,000. From this you further subtract $2,500 if you are married, and $400 for each dependent. Subtract, also, an earned income credit of 10 per cent. Your income tax check will total in the neighborhood of $300.



Literary Digest chart

Suppose you are an artist, a writer, or a movie star.

Mae West earned $480,833 in 1935. Deductions which Miss West presumably could make would include such expenses as: the cost of keeping physically fit, the cost of insurance against an accident which might harm her famous swagger. She could deduct costs of cocktail parties to newspaper folk for publicity purposes. If in a riot scene she lost several sparkling teeth, she could deduct the cost of dental work. Presuming that deductions reduced her income to $400,000, she would pay *Uncle Sam* about $234,000.

Uncle Sam permits other interesting deductions. A divorcee pays no tax on income from alimony altho her estranged husband must pay a tax on it. A business man who contributes to a college with which he does business in order to enable it to continue in existence, may deduct the contribution.

No Taxes—*Uncle Sam* permits other classes to pay no taxes at all.

Suppose you are a $4,000-a-year elementary school principal in Milwaukee or a $25,000-a-year County Judge in New York City or a $7,000-a-year Court Clerk in Chicago or a Mayor or State Assemblyman or Governor. The Federal Government collects no income taxes from you.

Why? Because the United States Supreme Court in 1819 declared "the power to tax is the power to destroy." Therefore, governmental entities such as States and cities do not tax Federal employees and, at the same time, the Federal Government taxes no employees of cities, States, counties, townships.

IDLE MONEY: Uncle Sam Dooms Millions of Dollars to Permanent Unemployment

With the wisdom that comes from hindsight, the New Deal in 1933 looked back on the financial debacle of 1929 and vowed "Never Again!" Which meant that *Uncle Sam* intended to take a firmer hand in matters pertaining to money-lending by banks so that, for one thing, the nation's surplus funds never again would be funneled into the stock markets to sky-rocket say, Aluminum Co. of America to 524 (currently selling around 164) and Auburn Automobile Co. to 514 (currently selling around 35).

Last week, the New Deal (more specifically the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, nominally independent but usually working hand in glove with the Treasury) upped reserve requirements of Federal Reserve System member banks as high as the law permitted.

Meaning—What this increase meant was that, beginning May 1, Federal Reserve member banks would have to set aside an average of 20 per cent. of deposits for reserves, as against the average 15 per cent. now required. Member banks now have 2,150,000,000 temporarily unemployed dollars on their hands (over and above regular reserve requirements and known as excess reserves). Boosting of reserves by *Uncle Sam* in effect now converts 1,500,000,000 of these temporarily unemployed dollars into regular reserves and makes sure that they will stay permanently unemployed.

Why does *Uncle Sam* doom these dollars

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to permanent unemployment (or at least until reserve requirements are lowered)? Why, in other words, does *Uncle Sam* curb the banks' power to lend?

Because *Uncle Sam* wants to make sure that bankers won't be tempted to lend their temporarily unemployed money to speculators either in the stock market or in suburban lots or in gold mines or in any other way that might precipitate a 1929 boom. And because, also, *Uncle Sam* vowed in 1933 "Never Again!"

Big Stick—To keep his vow in 1933, *Uncle Sam* fashioned himself a bigger stick to shake at the banks. He also set himself the task of policing Wall Street, set up the Securities and Exchange Commission to keep an eye on those who issue bonds and stocks and on those who trade in them.

The bigger stick *Uncle Sam* fashioned for himself included power to increase reserve requirements of Federal Reserve member banks 100 per cent. from the moderate 10 per cent. average then obtaining. If surplus funds piled up dangerously in the reserve banks, *Uncle Sam* could cut them down (sterilize them) simply by boosting reserve requirements.

But during the New Deal's first Administration, *Uncle Sam* feared no piling up of surplus funds and overlending by the banks; feared no easy money generally. First of all, industrial activity was frozen in an economic crisis. New Dealers figured what a depressed country needed was lots of money at low rates of interest to thaw business out, to enable business men to start the wheels, employ men.

Pump Priming—New Dealers even went further. They poured $12,000,000,000* via the WPA and other agencies to "prime the pump," get business started. This meant spending more than the Government took in. And so the Government had to borrow, which meant that the Government issued bonds.

When a Government becomes a bond-issuer (a borrower) on the grand scale that *Uncle Sam* became during the depression, it is anxious to borrow cheaply, to pay as little interest as possible.

During the first Administration then, New Dealers were anxious to keep money easy (keep interest rates low), both to encourage business and to make borrowing less costly for *Uncle Sam*.

For these reasons, *Uncle Sam* permitted interest rates to sink to the lowest levels in history. (A first-rate industrial bond now earns about 3 per cent. against a former 4½ to 5 per cent. in 1932-'33; long-term Government bonds now yield 2.5 per cent. as against 4.2 in 1932.)

But over and above *Uncle Sam's* desire to make money cheap came another development which increased the nation's surplus funds and pushed interest rates even lower. That development was the avalanche of gold which poured into this country from unsettled countries overseas. The flood of gold from abroad totaled $4,000,000,000 by the middle of last year. Excess reserves soared to $2,920,000,000.

Brakes—Recovery had come along nicely by the middle of last summer. *Uncle Sam* made his first move to put the brakes on potential lending by banks, decreased reserves from $3,000,000,000 to $1,800,000,000. But the flood of gold kept pouring in from abroad, rebuilt excess reserves to $2,000,000,000. In December, *Uncle Sam* again put on the brakes. This time, he acted to sterilize inflowing gold. Instead of issuing gold certificates for gold, the Treasury decided to borrow money to buy the gold, set it aside where it would not increase member bank reserves.

Uncle Sam's move last week, which reduced excess reserves to $500,000,000, was another effort to make money less plentiful.

In Wall Street, the move was received enthusiastically because the reservoir of idle funds in the reserve banks had lain like a dead weight on interest rates. Now interest on short-term commercial loans stiffened slightly. There was a mild flurry in bank stocks as optimistic investors foresaw increased bank earnings.

Students of the capital market (long-term commitments like bonds) tried to figure out the effect on bond rates and could come to no agreement.

Budget—One thing they could agree on, however: *Uncle Sam* apparently was no longer interested in keeping money "easy" (keeping interest rates low). And there is a good reason for this. First of all, *Uncle Sam* hopes to balance his budget by 1938, therefore won't need to borrow as heavily as before.

Second and more important, *Uncle Sam* is building up a huge Social Security fund from payments by workers and employers. This fund, under the law, must be invested in Government bonds. In other words, *Uncle Sam*, within several years, will stop selling bonds to banks and other institutions and individuals, and sell them to the Social Security fund almost exclusively.

*Total of Federal Government fiscal (July-June) deficits for 1934, $3,606,100,000; 1935, $2,938,100,000; 1936, $4,526,900,000; last half of 1936, $1,349,000,000.

BUSINESS AIDS: Two Magazines, Styled for Business Men, Hit News-Stands

Edited on walnut desks deserted by the Republican National Committee, *The Financial Observer*, new weekly magazine for investors, is out with Vol. I, No. 1, dated February 8.

Its novelty lies in its two sections: First, a summary of the week's financial news for brisk office reading; second, features on leading industries for armchair leisure with slippers and pipe. In the first edition run-off of 10,000 copies, there are sixteen pages crammed with financial digests, graphs, charts and correspondence from experts in European and American business centers.

The less-timely second section of thirty pages blossoms with an exhaustive analysis of ramified Western Union's finances, organization, methods of increasing business and personnel — everything prospective investors might want to know. Scattered personality profiles of top-flight business men and reviews of new finance and industry books round out the feature folios.

Format-Staff—*Financial Observer's* format on eleven-by-fourteen-inch pages is the product of the designing-board of Thomas Maitland Cleland. Typographical consultant for *Fortune* and the new *Scribner's*, he called for uncoated English stock with striking black half-tones.

Publishers and chief stockholders of the $250,000 venture are John Bruce Heath, Boston investment statistician, and Cedric Herbert Seager, who was born in Turkey, adventured in Asia Minor and managed his British father's shipping agency.

General Manager is Eugene MacLean, former Cleveland *News* and San Fran-

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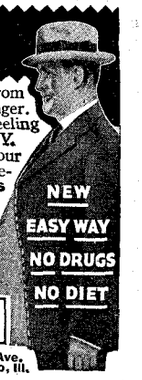

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cisco *News* Editor and President of NEA. Recently, he was the Washington *Post* General Manager.

As Editor-in-Chief, Reginald Wright Kauffman will concentrate his attention on the "home-reading section." His "Who's Who in America" biographical sketch, 5¼ inches deep, lists such jobs as Associate Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* and Geneva Correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Sitting in the red leather chair of John D. M. Hamilton and behind the G. O. P. Chairman's New York campaign desk, Kauffman ticks off an assignment-list of such feature-writers as Will Irwin, Boyden Sparkes, Wythe Williams, Herbert Corey and Frank Parker Stockbridge.

Executive Editor in charge of the "office-reading section" is Ralph West Robey, who was Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post* when it was a conservative Curtis paper. He first met the Republican walnut desks last fall, when he was a sort of Brain Truster to Gov. Alfred M. Landon. Harry Selden is Managing Editor of *The Financial Observer*.

Business Digest—Also on this week's newsstands and swelling the list of pocket-size condensed magazines is *Business Digest*, whose first issue, dated January, is the Chicago-edited product of Harry A. Palmer (*Daily Traffic World* Editor). With eighty-eight pages, *Business Digest* accepts no advertising.

Both *The Financial Observer* and *Business Digest* sell for a quarter. The former, weekly, costs $10 annually; the latter, monthly, is $3 a year.

TVA QUARREL: Internal Dispute in Open as Fight With Private Power Group Continues

About one thing President Roosevelt has been consistent and even hard-boiled: his fight for cheaper and more abundant power.

Last week, the power issue reached a crisis. The Tennessee Valley Authority failed to renew a contract to sell power to the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, largest utility in the South.

A week before, the President had abruptly terminated discussions with the Commonwealth and Southern over the possibility of pooling TVA and private utility resources.

President Roosevelt was being pushed inexorably toward a show-down between a policy of government ownership and operation as against cooperation with private utilities. Speeding his progress toward that show-down were four men: one old, Sen. George William Norris; one young, David Lilienthal; two middle-aged, TVA Chairman Arthur E. Morgan and Commonwealth's President Wendell L. Willkie.

Uncle George—A Pulitzer prize editorial writer in 1930 wrote: "A vote for Uncle George Norris is cast into the ballot-box with all the venom of a snowball cast at a silk hat."

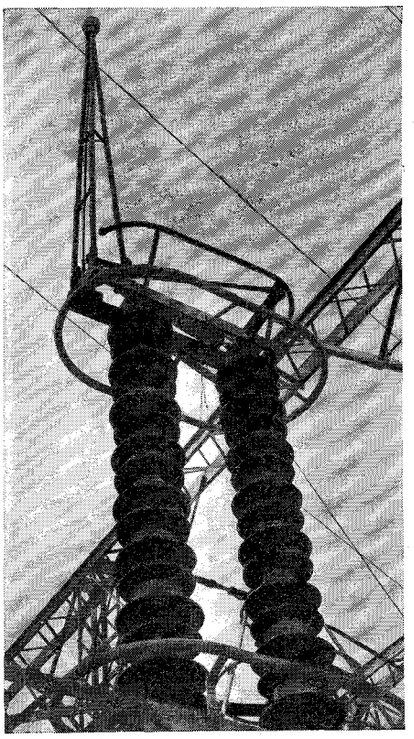
With the drive of a snowball, short, deep-chested Uncle George has hit hard against war (he demanded that Wilson be impeached), against lame duck Congresses, against the Electoral College. His hardest wallops, however, have been for public ownership and operation of power. And Norris, who was once a champion cornhusker, knows how to hit hard.

Gallantly and relentlessly, he outfought President Coolidge when Henry Ford sought to lease Muscle Shoals.

Now the seventy-six-year-old Senator, who wears six-year-old suits and has lost some twenty hats during his thirty years in Congress, is fighting mad. He charges the utilities with bad faith for enjoining the activities of TVA while sitting in at Washington peace conferences.

Monopoly—To Senator Norris, a private utility is by definition a monopoly conferred by political authority. He vows he's going to prevent the utilities from sabotaging TVA attempts to increase power sales.

David E. Lilienthal is thirty-seven, was only thirty-three when President Roosevelt appointed him a TVA director. He is known as one of Felix Frankfurter's boys because he distinguished himself as a student at Harvard. He is also one of Sen. Robert M. La Follette's boys (Lilienthal was Public Service Commissioner of Wisconsin). And he once was a law associate of Donald Richberg, the NRA counsel. Therefore he fits naturally into Norris's camp. And this means that the brilliant young lawyer with thinning hair fits in not at all with his boss, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Chairman of TVA.



Authenticated News

Private or public power? . . . a paramount issue

Doctor Morgan, who resigned the Presidency of Antioch College to head President Roosevelt's call to the TVA, is fifty-nine, raw-boned, rangy and with a professorial air about him. His present robust frame belies a youth which was both penniless and beset with ill health.

Odd anecdotes point up his honesty and character. He quit his job in a lumber mill, so the story goes, because he heard that the logs would be used to build a gambling-hall!

On becoming boss of TVA, he turned over to Secretary of State Hull a list of all personal property owned by himself, his wife and children. He declared he would file a comparable statement when he relinquished office.

He is fond of red ties, gray tweed suits. But he has no liking at all for the widely publicized fight with Lilienthal. Nor does his opposition to Norris and Lilienthal indicate that he is a Tory. One of Lilienthal's chief assets, to Doctor Morgan's way of thinking in 1933, was that he had been indorsed by the La Follettes.

Doctor Morgan believes that the utilities are quaking in their boots, and that the Government therefore can afford to be generous in dealing with them, perhaps reward them a little for selling some of their properties and for buying surplus power from the Government.

When Lilienthal's reappointment came up last spring, Doctor Morgan threatened to resign if his colleague were renamed. The President argued him out of it.

Speaks Out—Last month, Doctor Morgan decided he ought to speak out. In the New York *Times* he wrote:

". . . I have come to believe that the attitude of a ruthless fight to the finish and without quarter against public ownership of power has been a characteristic position of the public utilities. . . . In their fight private utilities have bribed legislatures . . . controlled newspapers . . . sought to cripple or destroy . . . educational institutions which dared to be independent.

". . . I believe, too, that the long fight to eliminate utility abuses is part of a slow-moving revolution which is striving to free the mass of the people from exploitation.

". . . Yet notwithstanding my own experience and what I have learned of utility abuses . . . I believe that the proper attitude . . . is to strive to find a basis of agreement between the TVA and private utilities which will protect both private and public investments, and will lead to the widest possible distribution of electric power and the lowest possible rates."

Power Chief—Sure to get hurt if Doctor Morgan loses is a $12,000,000,000 industry, which argues that it has been efficient, and that competition from TVA is unfair competition. Spokesman for that industry is Wendell L. Willkie, President of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation.

Born on an Indiana farm forty-five years ago, Willkie now lives in New York, but returns yearly to a farm in Indiana, where he garbs his six-foot, two hundred-pound frame in overalls, and has the time of his life raising hogs.

Willkie works hard and long. When a White House special delivery letter announcing termination of the pool discussions arrived at Willkie's office at 8 P.M., he was there to receive it.

Willkie is held to be of the new progressive school of utility executives, was a successful lawyer before he became Commonwealth's chief, four years ago.

Observers believe he is anxious for peace at any price, short of hobbling his Corporation and ruining the investments of 200,000 security-holders. He is not permitted to forget for one minute that TVA is an industrial pain in the neck. If the TVA menace were dissolved, for instance, Commonwealth and Southern, which operates utilities in eleven States, could refund outstanding securities and save $6,000,000 annually in interest charges.

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Mail

(Continued from page 3)

such diseases has ever deterred more than a small percentage from indulgence.

Would it not be more reasonable and sane for parents to assume that such acts will occur, and to take steps to prevent the possible horrible consequences? Not to do so appears to me to be fanatically criminal.
Billings, Montana.

"Go West, Young Man!"

By Carol I. Cahoon—The January 23 issue of The Literary Digest contains an article relating to four young men stationed on Howland, Baker and Jarvis Islands. As their terms are for six months, I am very desirous of learning the possibilities of obtaining an assignment to one of these Islands when the term of one of the young men now stationed there is completed.

I am twenty years of age, a high school graduate, in good health, and at present I am enrolled as a member of District Headquarters Detachment, Pocatello District, Civilian Conservation Corps, stationed at Pocatello, Idaho.

I am truly sincere in my desire to obtain this assignment. Any information or help you may be able to give me in this matter will be gratefully appreciated.
Pocatello, Idaho.

"WILL THAT BE ALL, SIR?"

—By Dunkel © New York American

If Mr. Cahoon will write to R. B. Black, Department of the Interior, Honolulu, T. H., he may learn more about island colonization, perhaps be put on the waiting-list.—*Editor.*

Capital Ships

By E. Anderson—In connection with your article, "Naval Race," in the issue of January 7, you show a shaded-vessel picture of the world's greatest navies. In this chart, Britain's capital ships are blackened from stern-post to after-funnel, while our capital ships are shaded from stern-post to foremast. This black portion is said to represent new tonnage. How is this possible when we have not built a capital ship for years and the British have built the *Hood, Nelson, Rodney, Repulse* and *Renown* since the War? Will you explain this discrepancy?

Have we anything in our navy to compare with the Italian cruisers of the *Cadorna* class, all of which have steamed 40 knots and maintained an average of 39.8 knots for twelve-hours' steaming?
Sebago Lake, Maine.

Walter Trohan, writing for the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*, lists the United States as having eight capital ships under-age (post-War) and seven over-age (built before or during the War), while Great Britain has only four capital ships under-age and eleven over-age.

The ships *Renown* and *Repulse* were built in 1915-16 and are battle-cruisers.

The United States does not build cruisers of the *Cadorna* type, but builds ships of larger size and slower speed, the American naval policy being to build ships which will cover vast distances without refueling.—*Editor.*

Reader Interest

By Mary Elliott, City Hostess—Your article, "Professional Hostesses for Cities," January 23 issue, must have been widely read. My mail has increased to such an extent that I find myself compelled to work overtime answering it.

This brief note, however, simply had to be written to express my appreciation for such a well-written article.
Knoxville, Tennessee.

Pulp Writers

By A. Raymond Ehrbar—Your story on the pulp magazine industry struck me as an unusually accurate picture of a little-known business. You could, of course, have turned to the other side of the ledger and listed the myriad of young writers (and old writers and would-be writers) who turn out reams of lousy stuff, submit it to all the pulps and get about 99/100 of it rejected. No $100,000 annual "take" is theirs; they can't even buy cigarettes out of their earnings.

Admitted that there are many successes who are writing or who have written for the pulps, the great majority of youngsters with ambitions to write "the great American novel" or "hit the slicks" never even get printed on pulp paper. I am acquainted with two men, now moderately successful in press-agenting and advertising writing, who quit pulp writing because they could not make a living at it.

On the other hand, I met a portly young man in a bar the other evening who claimed to be quite a writer—a veritable literator, in fact. Awed questioning as to what he might have published revealed that he had sold one story to the pulps at half a cent a word.
Charlottesville, Virginia.

By Jane Littell, Editor—You have very decidedly put me on the spot in your story on the wood-pulp industry. Maybe some people can edit two monthly magazines and write three stories a week besides. But I am no such marvel.

What do you suppose the publishers will think when I march in asking for another assistant to help me read the flood of manuscripts that come in—after their reading that I take time out to write three stories a week? I am going to find myself facing a good deal of discomfort unless you publish a prompt retraction.
Popular Publications, New York.

Prompt retraction is herewith gladly made. The Editors of The Literary Digest are only too anxious to aid other Editors in convincing publishers that they are overworked. Other Editors please reciprocate.

Modern Discipline

By Mrs. G. S. Warren—Your article on the Civilian Conservation Corps and its achievements was fascinating. Science, including sociology, makes the most reassuring of world news to-day.

One omission in the CCC story, however, was the way the Army has disciplined the boys: Instead of the old-fashioned, traditional methods of control through fear of punishment, the Army officers who have helped make these camps an example of America's progressiveness evolved a new kind of discipline. They worked *with* the boys and taught themselves, in the process, that guard-houses and coarse words are not the best way to lead men.
St. Louis, Missouri.

Glass Eyes

By Dr. Creston Collins — Your resumé of glass eyes in the issue of January 2 is interesting despite minor inaccuracies. While "one out of every 500 Americans" may wear a glass eye in urban areas, I question that this figure would hold in rural areas. In my home town, with a population of 6,200, only two glass eyes are worn.

May I ask the authority for your figures?
Hollywood, Florida.

An estimated 250,000 Americans wear glass eyes and 250,000 is one in 500 for 125,000,000 Americans.—*Editor.*

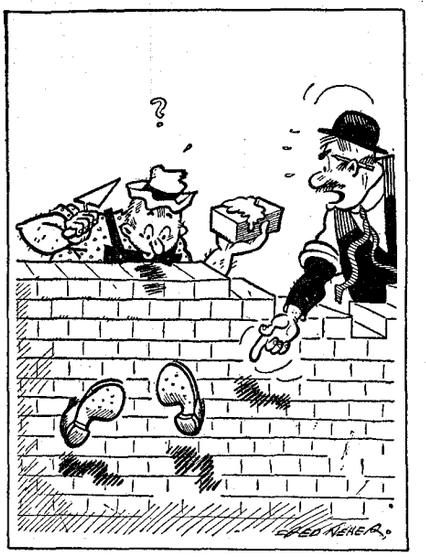
No Comment

By the Rev. H. A. Stick—The enclosed clipping from the Natal (South Africa) *Mercury* may indicate to the average American how the people of a far-away country take "our professions for peace."

"Buenos Aires, December 19. The Pan-American Peace Conference to-day passed a unanimous resolution repudiating war as an instrument for the settlement of conflicts."—*(Reuters.)*

"Washington, December 19. The Navy Department has announced its intention of retaining 59,000 tons in destroyers in excess of the Treaty limits. The retention of 40,000 tons was announced previously and the additional 19,000 tons matches the cruiser tonnage which the British Government announced would not be scrapped."—*(Reuters.)*

Under the ironical head-line, "No Comment," these two dispatches stood side by side.
Natal, South Africa.



"LOOK, YOU IDIOT!!"

—© 1937 by Fred Neher. Special permission N.Y. Sun

Ducks Per Acre

By George E. Harris—It should have been a joy to learn from your issue of January 23 that the Government's efforts to provide nesting places for ducks have been so successful that in the "lower Souris refuge (46,170 acres), surveyors counted 500,000 ducks," where "two years ago there were none." However, considering the fact that this would make nearly eleven ducks for each acre of refuge, we can only wonder if the counting were not under the supervision of *Paul Bunyan.*

While on the subject, I should like to introduce a project suggested by your article. With the assistance of the WPA, I contemplate creating a pond for the raising of decoys. As my present decoys are mallards, limited in their vocabulary, I should be grateful for a pair of those ducks which you claim "honked gleefully."
St. Joseph, Missouri.

(1) The ducks were counted in their flight south, and the figure, according to More Game Birds In America, Inc., is correct. (2) A duck's quack (if not his honk) of glee to any experienced duck hunter's ear should be distinguishable from that sharp, terrified quack of alarm.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That less than a dozen persons, four of them women, have been good enough to win the U.S. Figure Skating Association's gold medal? (See page 37.)

That Oklahoma boasts one of the few women presidents of coeducational institutions anywhere in the world? (See page 32.)

That three-fourths of the auto smash-up victims who require plastic surgery are those who ride in the front seat with the driver? (See page 17.)

That 2,000 persons die every month from injuries sustained in falling? (See page 18.)

That half the applications for new radio stations pending in Washington are from newspapers? (See page 28.)

That there are more than 50,000 Buddhists in the United States? (See page 34.)

That a one-propeller air-plane in a recent test proved that elimination of the twin blade steps up speed 25 per cent., climbing-rate 33 per cent.? (See page 19.)

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BETWEEN *the* LINES

From a four-word head-line, a 1,500-word fact-packed story is built. Reading through *The Presbyterian Tribune* for January 21, THE DIGEST'S Religion and Social Science Editor conned this head-line: "The Art of Forgetting."

Just as a clergyman starts developing a sermon from a sentence by mulling over the meanings of a few words, so the Editor began pondering his topic. Then he strolled across the big editorial room to the Managing Editor's corner.

What did he think of an article pointing out how much happier life would be if all unpleasant happenings could be banished from memory? The M. E. thought that would make an excellent, thought-provoking story. He started the ball rolling by naming a psychologist friend who would help.

A researcher who had studied a good bit of psychology at Harvard was called in to delve into the possibilities of forgetting as an art. In THE DIGEST'S Library there are hundreds of books, thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings, all carefully classified and cross-indexed so any conceivable subject is available instantly.

It didn't take long to find that there was plenty of material on memory but nothing about forgetting except a handful of wheezy anecdotes about absent-minded professors for "The Spice of Life" columns. That meant going outside the office for background material, but not outside the city, for New York is the nation's, if not the world's, largest center of psychological activity.

In no time at all, the researcher had compiled a list of forty-odd consulting psychologists and university professors who might help. In their memory-training work, they had dealt with forgetfulness, converse of memory, they even have a word for banishing unpleasant memories—"removal."

A score of psychologists cooperated with THE DIGEST'S researcher. Technical journals and a dozen text-books found only in advanced clinical libraries were studied.

One psychologist, interviewed over the telephone, became something of a case - history himself when he said: "Let's see, I was just going to tell you something else and now I've forgotten it."

Upshot of all this professional consultation brought out the fact that memory-trainers regard graceful forgetting as quite as important as the capacity to amass facts. So, THE DIGEST had a spanking fresh story which ought to be read with relief by those unfortunates who are haunted remembering how they trumped their partner's ace or said an unkind word which hurt a friend.

That, and many another story, in this DIGEST are developed from a few words or a paragraph.

One little clipping plus one idea plus a lot of hard work give DIGEST readers a story they could find nowhere else.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

At the Zoo—"There's a moose loose!"

"Are you English or Scots?"—*Punch (London).*

Profit—WIFE: "I've put your shirt on the clothes horse, Jim."

"What odds did you get?"—*Weekly News (Aukland, New Zealand).*

Wise Guy—"Excuse me, can you tell me the quickest way to the station?"

"Run, man."—*Die Grune Post (Berlin).*

Justified— . . . Which reminds me of the story they used to tell of a shiftless character in Gallipolis who piled into bed one night after a coon hunt, with shoes, clothes and all. After a while his wife shook him: "Get up, you got your shoes on."

To which he mumbled: "That's all right, they ain't my good ones."—*O. O. McIntyre in the New York American.*

Oooh!—A tourist, on his way to Europe, was experiencing seasickness for the first time. Calling his wife to his bedside, he said in a weak voice:

"Jennie, my will is in the Florida National Bank. Everything is left to you, dear. My various stocks you will find in my safe-deposit box." Then he said, fervently: "And Jennie, bury me on the other side. I can't stand this trip again, alive or dead."—*Tale Spins.*

Logic—"H-m-m. Here's a story about a collar button being found in a cow's stomach."

"That must be false. How could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Objection—"Frequent water drinkings," said the specialist, "will prevent you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes, but some of the joints don't serve water."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Necessity—Two elderly members met at the club after many years. Said one to the other, who was slightly deaf:

"I'm sorry to hear of the death of your wife."

"Eh? What's that?"

"I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead."

"Speak up, man. I can't hear you!"

"I'm sorry you've buried your wife!"

"But I had to. She died."—*Weekly News (Aukland, New Zealand).*

Precaution—A Scotsman (what! again?) was stripping wall-paper from the walls of his house when a friend called to see him.

"Well, Sandy," said the visitor, "are ye goin' to have new paper?"

"Na, na," replied Sandy, "Ah'm just movin' to another house."—*Annapolis Log.*

Easier—Sam was being implored by a church committee of brethren to contribute to a special fund the church was trying to raise. But Sam was obdurate.

"Well," said one of the brothers with a clincher of an argument, "don't you all think you owes de Lawd anythin'?"

"Oh, ah sure does," said Sam, "only He ain't pressin' me like mah other creditors is."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Akihito Tsugu No Miya—heir to Japan's throne—as if spelled *ah-ki-hee-to tsoo-goo no mee-yah* (*i* of *hit*).

Hervey—family name, Marquess of Bristol—pronounced *har'vey*.

Honywood—of Honywood hotels—*hony* rimes with *money*.

Irvine—Scottish scientist—as if spelled *ur'vin*.

Jeffrey—Scottish statesman—*frey* rimes with *prey*: *jef'frey*.

Joubert de la Ferte—Coastal Commander, British Air Force—*zhoo-bare' de lah fare'tay*.

Kazushige Ugaki—new Japanese Premier—as if spelled *kah-zoo-shee-geh oo-gah-ki* (*i* of *hit*).

Kingsale—Premier Baron of Ireland—*g* almost silent: *kin-sale'*.

Slips That Pass in Type

Dress is optional for Pi Phi dance.—*Morgantown (W. Va.) paper.*

Well, *did* they?

Through blinding fog and raging storm alert salesmen guard against unseen perils of the sea.—*Midland (Tex.) paper.*

Perils like farmers' daughters, perhaps.

Twice as many men as women were spectacles.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) paper.*

Gentlemen, defend yourselves.

Friday, Saturday games to show whether S. M. U. is flesh in pan.—*Brownsville (Tex.) paper.*

Oh, they'll probably skin through.

The text of Sloan's letter to Miss Perkins follows:

"My dead Mme. Secretary—On behalf of my associates and myself—."—*Baltimore (Md.) paper.*

So it's come to that.

Navy can guard U. S., so why expand Amy?—*Selma (Ala.) paper.*

Why, indeed?

Mrs. H. M. sued her husband for a divorce and separate maintenance, alleging that on the morning of May 4, he subjected her to the ignominy of being continued at the top of column 8.—*Petersburg (Va.) paper.*

The journalist's revenge.

Desirability of marital law to give the United States Army full sway in relieving Louisville's flood victims was discussed to-day.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

But *is* it desirable?

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